PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.
JAN 14 1947

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXII. No. 824. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1946 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 409
THE SOUL OF THE LABOUR PARTY 411
THE CASE FOR MR. BEVIN. By Aidan Crawley, M.P. 412
A PARIS DIARY. By Critic 413
THIS ENGLAND 413
GERMAN INDUSTRY. By Victor Gollancz . 414
HOW NOT TO GET HOUSES. By Aylmer Vallance 414
BROADCASTING IN CANADA. By R. S. Lambert 415
PEOPLE: VOTERS. By Tom Harrisson . . 416
LETTER TO MY BEARER 417
TO A SPANISH POET. By Lord Derwent . Page 417
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 418
Round the Exhibitions. By Benedict Nicolson 418
First and Last Nights of Ballet. By Beryl de Zoete 419
LANCASHIRE SPIRITUAL. By Sagittarius . . 419
CORRESPONDENCE 420
From Robert S. W. Pollard and C. P. Skilton; Ian G. Richardson; A. H. Hourani; Charles Acton; W. Partridge; Alfred Jowett; Tom Harrisson; and Constance Cummings.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Noel Annan . Page 423
REVIEWS:
New Novels. By Rayner Heppenstall . 424
Hitler at Work. By Leonard Woolf . . 425
Pomp and Platitude. By C. E. M. Joad . 425
Paul in a New Light. By E. E. Kellett . 426
Children's Books. By Myfanwy Piper . 427
Five to Fourteen. By V. S. Pritchett . . 428
SHORTER NOTICE 429
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 430

BALANCE OF EVILS

IT is now sadly clear that the British delegations which have been negotiating and debating in the U.S.A. will return home with their luggage —in the shape of embarrassingly heavy British political and economic commitments — little the lighter for their journey. In the Assembly of the United Nations the discussions which arose from the original Russian request that there should be a show-down of all armed forces stationed abroad have led to a debating success for the British and American teams. When Sir Hartley Shawcross, with the backing of Senator Connally, took up the position that any disarmament plan would be "humbug" if international control and inspection were carried out by agencies subject to the exercise of the veto by a permanent member of the Security Council, Mr. Vyshinsky had no effective reply. But if there were any real Anglo-American will to disarm, British and American spokesmen would realise that, with an American press daily threatening atomic warfare, the Russians cannot be expected to disclose the location of their carefully hidden munition works, and thus have them pin-pointed as targets, unless and until production of atomic bombs is ended, and present stocks are rendered innocuous. Given agreed disarmament, Mr. Molotov said on Wednesday, the veto power in the Security Council would not be used by Russia to block effective international inspection. But, as Sir Hartley well knew, the United States is in no mood to relinquish its present advantage in atomic, or even more terrible, weapons. It is the first step in disarmament which counts; and no one has yet offered to take that step.

Thus, though agreement on peace treaties with ex-satellites of the Axis may result next year in some slight withdrawal of British forces from Italy, there is little prospect of an early alleviation of a burden of armaments which are crippling Britain's industrial recovery, are eating heavily into the dollar loan, and whose maintenance and expansion, at need, are now based on a standardisation of Anglo-American military equipment which makes nonsense of any assertion that Britain retains complete independence in foreign policy. Yet, as if these heavy general commitments were not enough, another has been added. Last Monday, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes signed an agreement, foreshadowed in our columns last week, whereby unification of the British and American Zones of Germany is to become effective on January 1st, and the pooled cost of the Zones, augmented by a "rehabilitation" investment of one billion dollars, is to be borne on a fifty-fifty basis by Britain and the U.S.A.

We recognise fully that, in entering into this agreement, the British Government was constrained by weighty considerations, both practical and humanitarian: the case, which Mr. Victor Gollancz has argued cogently in this and other journals, for endeavouring to salvage the portion of Germany for which we are responsible from its present misery is very strong. It could be argued, therefore, that there should be no delay in concluding with our American allies a pact which at any rate means that our Zone will get the immediate benefit of more dollar-purchased imports than we could perhaps unilaterally supply. Indeed, it is clear that more of the billion dollars in the Rehabilitation Fund will have to be spent in the heavily industrialised and devastated British sector than in the American sector of the fused Zone. Nevertheless, the agreement is open to the gravest objections.

In the first place, it is extremely doubtful whether the sum which is to be provided for priming the mechanism of Western Germany will be nearly sufficient to provide the additional foodstuffs, raw materials and machinery which are necessary if it is to succeed, within the next three years, in securing a balance of imports with exports. We would go further, and say that it is questionable whether this truncated rump of the Reich can ever stand economically on its own feet; for the success of the Anglo-American scheme would involve an artificial stimulation of German manufactured exports on a scale which competing export industries in Britain and the United States would find intolerable. What we are now doing is to give the stricken patient a blood-infusion, with every chance of having to repeat the dose within a narrow limit of time.

In the next place, the new draft which we have now to make on our dollar loan adds to the probability that in 1948, when that loan is exhausted, we are likely to be faced with having to make a double repudiation. Only a fraction of the loan will have been available for its proper productive purposes—the acquisition of new machinery for British industry Thus, even if we manage somehow to circumvent the immediate difficulties arising from American anti-Socialist conceptions of the political structure and economic organisation appropriate for the truncated Reich, we may in the end be forced to default on our undertakings both to the United States and Germany.

Is it worth while courting this eventual outcome in order to take the short cut to procuring immediate, but ultimately inadequate, easement for "our" Germans, by a plan whose execution may tend to solidify the Chinese Wall between Eastern and Western Germany? And has the real objective in the Foreign Secretary's mind been disclosed? The public in Britain and the United States is not being adequately informed of the fact that, as we pointed out last week, agreement between the Big Three, from which France would find it difficult to dissent, could be secured on the unification of Germany—and economic unification would clearly have to include planned exchanges of produce across the Oder line—provided Britain and America were prepared to accept the French and Russian proposition that Germany must pay reparations in kind out of current production. Is a Labour Government so intent on preventing the Reich becoming a milch cow for the production of reparations for Russia, while rehabilitation proceeds at British and American expense, that it prefers to see the animal cut irretrievably in half?

The balance of evils is extremely even; but we fear that, for the sake of alleviating the immediate crisis in Western Germany, the Government has accepted a plan which will be impracticable if unity of the Reich is not achieved. Yet, by antagonising France and Russia, it goes far to prejudice the chances of such unity. Even for the German people its long-term dangers outweigh its short-term benefits.

Faint Hopes for Indian Talks

No agreement is likely to come from the Indian leaders' talks in London. Both sides are too heavily entrenched to be able to retreat from their positions. Mr. Nehru has no mandate other than to insist that the Government proceed with the Constituent Assembly on December 9, as planned. It is doubtful whether he would have come at all if he and his colleagues had not thought it would have been discourteous to reject the Prime Minister's personal invitation. Mr. Jinnah is more intransigent than ever. He is now not prepared to reconsider the Cabinet Mission's plan, even if Congress were willing to make an unequivocal statement adhering to the grouping system in its entirety. As far as he is concerned, the plan and the Constituent Assembly are dead. He is firmly back on his original demand for an out-and-out Pakistan. He insists, too, that tranquillity must be restored in India before there can be any further talk of future constitutions. The gap between Congress and the Muslim League is, for the moment at any rate, unbridgeable. Since the Government will no longer be able to ignore the impossibility of agreement by the end of this week, they will have to formulate a new attitude, primarily on two points. First, what is to happen to the Interim Government? This cannot continue any longer as two blocs, actuated by Communal motives, particularly since it is the obvious aim of the Muslim League to make a Communal issue of everything, and to trap the Viceroy into using his veto. It is far better that the Muslim League should be told straight away that, if they will not come into the Constituent Assembly, they must leave the government to Congress; and the Viceroy should be instructed to allow Congress to function freely and come to what terms they can with the Muslim League without third-party interference. Secondly, the Government must carry on with the Constituent Assembly as arranged, and warn the Muslim League that they will be without British support if they try to obstruct its deliberations.

Standardisation of Armaments

When Mr. Alexander takes over the Defence Ministry, he will immediately be faced with an important decision on the subject of the Anglo-American plan for the standardisation of armaments. Mr. Attlee, in replying to the foreign affairs debate, was careful to avoid denying the existence of the agreement, whose main outline had been given to an Associated Press correspondent by a War Office spokesman on October 29th. At that date—before the tabling of the amendment of the King's Speech—the War Office spokesman seemed positively anxious to stress its importance and described how the idea had first been broached by Mr. Mackenzie King during the Empire Conference last April and supported by Mr. Chiffley for Australia and Mr. Nash for New Zealand. This week, in answer to an article in the *Daily Worker*, the War Office published a statement denying "that any official announcement has been made concerning a military pact between Britain and the U.S.A." Any number of conclusions can be drawn from this remarkable *démenti*—except that the agreement has not been made. It is essential that Mr. Alexander should state precisely how far this country is committed by the agreement, and whether it has been accompanied by a further agreement for pooling military intelligence and developing a joint Anglo-American strategy.

Egyptian Difficulties

King Farouk having dissolved by decree the "irreconcilable" treaty delegation which he appointed last March, Sidky Pasha has obtained from the Egyptian Parliament—amid considerable disorders in Cairo—a vote authorising him to accept the draft treaty which he negotiated with Mr. Bevin in October. Before the vote was taken, Makram Ebeid Pasha and his supporters left the Chamber; and the action taken by the King and Sidky Pasha is being denounced by the Wafd and the nationalist Moslem Brotherhood as unconstitutional. Certainly it would be difficult to argue that Egypt's present Parliament is genuinely representative; and, though the Prime Minister may be able at the moment to ride roughshod over an Opposition which is homogeneous only in the sense that it is united in an anti-British attitude, it is questionable whether a treaty signed in defiance of the Wafd and the other dissentients will be worth the paper on which it is written. Meanwhile there continues to be some confusion as to what has been agreed between Mr. Bevin and Sidky Pasha with regard to the Sudan. Sidky's assertions that King Farouk has been accorded *de jure* sovereignty over the Sudan have not been contradicted in London; and the Sudanese are complaining that the Foreign Secretary has not lived up to the promise which he made last March that no change would be made in the status of the Sudan "until the Sudanese have been consulted through constitutional channels." Clearly, whatever be the fate of the treaties, Britain cannot go back on its promise to withdraw all her armed forces from Egypt. It is only regrettable that the treaty should be in process of completion in a way which appears to identify the Labour Government with the most reactionary elements in the Egyptian ruling class.

The U.S. Coal Strike

John L. Lewis has lost round one of his legal battle. But it was not a knock-out, and the bout will continue. Mr. Lewis will fight in the Courts, he will fight in the Unions, he will fight in the mines, if necessary for months, if necessary alone. There is little chance he will be alone. The use of the injunction, and the conduct of the "contempt" case, has helped to rally Lewis' opponents in the Labour movement behind him. Meanwhile his tactics have succeeded in uniting the new Republican Congressional leaders against Labour. When we hear that Senator Taft is trying to moderate his party's passion for anti-Labour legislation, we get some inkling of their plans. An anonymous "moderate" Senator is quoted as saying: "A few Unions will have to be broken to bring them to their senses." Further reliable predictions are that the new Congress will begin by outlawing the closed shop, will pass a sterner version of the vetoed Case Bill, and will abolish the pro-Labour provisions of the Wagner Act. This can only mean a knock-down, drag-out fight between Labour and Congress. Already the virtual cessation of American exports is a very heavy blow to all countries within the American economy orbit. Britain will not get American steel; France and Denmark will not get American coal, and perhaps Germany will not get American food.

France and the Viet-Nam

The fighting in Haiphong and Lang-son, coupled with the return of Admiral d'Argenlieu, strictest of French imperialists, suggests that, although the French recognised the Viet-Nam Republic as a Free State last March, they still hope to regain control of the whole of Indo-China. The negotiations in Paris in the summer between the French and a Viet-Nam delegation, led by Ho Chi-Minh (which were to dispose of outstanding issues, such as the position of Cochin-China) were throughout marred by French sharp practice. They ended, however, in a *modus vivendi* agreement in which Ho Chi-Minh made temporary concessions which were criticised in the Viet-Nam as excessive and which have since been exploited by the French. Disregarding this agreement, the French Commissioner for Tonkin, without prior consultation, announced that no merchandise would be allowed into the Viet-Nam without a licence from the French authorities for delivery. On November 16th, President Ho Chi-Minh protested to the President of France against the unilateral creation in the port of Haiphong of a French Customs House and an office for the control of French trade, as being contrary to the spirit and the letter of the *modus vivendi*. Three days later, fighting broke out at Lang-son, near the Chinese frontier, where French troops were doing reconnaissance work, and at Haiphong, where a French ship hailed a Chinese junk engaged in contraband. A plan, discovered on the person of a French General Staff Officer, showed that as early as September, 1946, a decision had been made to destroy Viet-Nam defences. The siege of Haiphong shows that these incidents are part of a larger plan. In fact, they point to the determination of reactionary French officials, of whom Admiral d'Argenlieu is a willing tool, to strangle the Viet-Nam Republic before the discussions, due next January, for the purpose of signing a new Treaty.

The Transport Bill

The Transport Bill's general framework is reasonably clear. The main responsibility for co-ordinated policy over the whole field of inland transport is to be placed upon a small Commission, to which all the acquired undertakings, including that of the L.P.T.B., are to be transferred. The Commission, however, though it is to have the main responsibility for the conduct of the whole service on a basis of "paying its way," is not to be a managing body. Management is to be in the hands of separate Executives for the principal services—railways, docks and inland waterways, road transport, London transport (thus the L.P.T.B. will be transformed into an Executive under the Commission) and, at a later stage, hotels and catering. Road passenger services and harbours, as distinct from road goods services and docks, are not to be taken over under the main scheme; but the Commission is to have power to make "area schemes" and either to run them itself or to set up special bodies for this purpose. Road goods transport is to be taken over only in respect of long-distance services; but "C" licence holders, as well as others, are to be allowed to carry over distances above 25 miles only with special permission. This is a point over which a big struggle can be confidently expected. There are to be provisions for the regulation of charges through the Railway Rates Tribunal, re-named the Transport Tribunal; and a system of consultative committees, national and regional, is to be set up, as well as a Coastal Shipping Advisory Committee for purposes of co-ordination. Coastal shipping, like other shipping, is left in private hands. Municipal passenger services and other transport undertakings are to be treated in the same way as privately owned undertakings, except in respect of compensation, which is to be based on stock market values for railway concerns on assets and payments for "disturbance" or "severance" in the case of road undertakings, and, for the municipalities, on the taking over of existing debt charges.

Compensation Terms

It has been made very clear during the past week or two that the railway shareholding interests mean to fight the compensation provisions on the ground of the loss of income which will accrue when they get their Treasury-guaranteed stock in place of their present securities. This loss is, indeed, considerable and will react on many trustees who have held funds in railway and similar undertakings. But it is clearly out of the question to give shareholders both a guarantee of present incomes and a security of income such as they are now very far from possessing (for, of course, if they had it now, the stock market value of their holdings would be very much higher than it is). Their essential complaint is not that they are being offered less than their holdings are worth, but that the adoption of a "cheap money" policy makes it impracticable for them to shift over to alternative securities that will yield the same income as before. It is, however, plainly out of the question for the State to stultify its "cheap money" policy by offering the railway

shareholders either a gilt-edged security with a high rate of return or a general money-market situation in which they can find trustee securities yielding a high return. Neither of these things can possibly be done. The other alternative —compensation on a basis of "net maintainable revenue—" would be for the railways a sheer gamble; for there is no way of telling what net revenue the railways would be likely to maintain if they were left subject to free road competition. In such a gamble, the shareholders would be as likely to do worse as better, unless the assessors were prejudiced in their favour. As for the road transport owners, valuation of assets is plainly the only practicable basis for compensation; and it is now an established principle that municipal undertakings should be transferred without compensation, the State simply taking over the debt charges. The road concerns will no doubt fight the Bill, but they will not, like the railways, fight mainly over the terms of acquisition, but rather on the principle and on the extent to which nationalisation is to be applied.

The New Trade Drafts

The outcome of the Preparatory Conference on Trade and Employment has not been at all satisfactory from the British standpoint. Although the American draft scheme has been considerably amended to meet the objections of India, Australia, and some of the European and South American States, the main points adverse to Great Britain—especially the ban on mutual bulk purchase arrangements—are still in the draft, and there has been no assurance that we may not be called upon to surrender Empire Preference without any really equivalent tariff concessions from the United States. Indeed, the concessions made to India and to other relatively undeveloped countries, justifiable as they are in themselves, are bound to work against our export prospects unless we are set free to conclude bilateral bargains for swopping our manufactures against the foodstuffs and materials of these countries. Again, nothing has been done to restrict either tied loans or shipping subsidies—the form of discrimination which Americans happen to like; and, though more has been written into the draft about the obligation upon each country to maintain full employment, and about the right of countries to take protective measures against the likelihood of a slump, the obligation is hardly capable of being enforced, and the right is so hedged round as to be very difficult to exercise in practice, especially for Great Britain, which is tied down by special conditions attached to the American Loan. It is no wonder that Ministers are beginning to talk more and more gravely about our prospective balance of payments and about its possible repercussions on our standard of living.

The Laski Fund

A special jury has decided that Professor Laski did advocate revolutionary violence in the market-place at Newark. People who read the Professor's books and articles know that he has spent his life warning people against revolution, not advocating it, but it is too much to expect a special jury to distinguish between a pessimistic historical analysis and incitement to violence. The Philistines have their moment of rejoicing—small consolation for the failure of the fantastic Churchill *versus* Laski campaign at the election, which brought them no dividends. It now remains to pay the cost for what, after all, was more a political than a personal action. It is clear that the sum is not one that Professor Laski himself can or should pay, and there are countless people who will be glad to have this opportunity of expressing their personal gratitude to a singularly generous and disinterested friend and leader. Subscriptions to the fund to bear the cost of the case should be sent to Morgan Phillips, Treasurer of the Laski Fund, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1. All subscriptions will be acknowledged.

PARLIAMENT: The Nelson Touch

Wednesday.

"If you *must* quarrel, quarrel *nicely*!" our old grandfather used to tell us. Last Friday was a day of disagreement on this model. Callaghan, a natural Parliamentarian, used the opportunity of the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill to press, once again, for an extension of the classes of aliens who might be admitted into Britain. In reply, George Oliver, the Under Secretary of State, was amiable, conciliatory and helpful. Labour Members often find it harder to object to his presentation of the Department's policy than to object to the policy itself.

Later in the day, Warbey asked what organisation is to succeed Unrra. Like many adjournment debates, the importance of the subject deserved more attention. Tufton Beamish, the Tory Member for Lewes, regretted that "we on this side of the House have not had a large attendance." Scholefield Allen, a Labour barrister who is also good at arithmetic, asked "Would it be correct to say that the number was three?"

Warbey feared that, with the disappearance of Unrra, "food politics"—the use of food or its withholding in order to obtain political advantage—might take its place. George Thomas (Cardiff Central) made the most moving speech of the Debate. For him, the subject was "one of deep human principle." Hector McNeil, the Minister of State, gave a firm reply in which he insisted that America had played a leading part in world relief, that her continued help was necessary, and that Anglo-American collaboration for this purpose would continue. Is it a retreat from world planning through supra-national organisations like Unrra that now "there should be a Committee of Experts to decide what international need still exists that cannot be met by the normal commercial methods?" The answer will be apparent in 1947.

Another valuable adjournment debate suffered a most undeserved collapse through the ungenerous action of a Member in having the House "counted out" after Arthur Skeffington (Lewisham, Lab.) had raised the important question of the shortage of medical supplies for the new Health Services.

On Monday, cotton again. The debate on centralised buying of raw cotton had already been rehearsed in an earlier discussion on the closing-down of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange. Rhodes (Ashton-under-Lyne, Lab.), recently returned from a tour of the U.S.A. cotton area and Scott-Elliot (Accrington, Lab.), added new and refreshing arguments as specialists to the solid economic principles advanced by Cripps and Marquand.

The Trafalgar Estates Bill, ending the Nelson Annuity, seemed almost to invite suitable off-stage effects for its proper presentation. The reverent memory of Nelson and his imperishable services vied from time to time with the irreverent expectation that the Speaker might at any time call on Mr. George Arliss to continue the debate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the House as he opened on a noble and romantic level, recalling Nelson's legacy of Lady Hamilton and Horatia to his country. Then, like Maria-Theresa of whom it was said, "Elle pleure, elle pleure et toujours elle annexe," he pocketed the Annuity for the nation, together with Trafalgar House. Excellent and sensitive speeches were made for the Opposition by Commander Maitland and Boyd-Carpenter. Wilson Harris, the Junior Burgess for Cambridge, who started the hunt for the Annuity with an innocent question a year ago, maintained his reputation for witty commonsense without humbug, in supporting the Bill.

PHINEAS MINOR

THE SOUL OF THE LABOUR PARTY

The Prime Minister has wisely decided not to use the whip in order to bully the "rebels" into submission. Had he done so, many of the sheep would no doubt have returned to the fold, but a sizable number of loyal Socialists would have been driven into open opposition, and the rift would soon have spread outside the Parliamentary Party. Mr. Attlee was, of course, justified in accusing his critics of violating the agreed procedure of the Parliamentary Party, and, in pointing out that such violations, if continued, would lead to an anarchy which might endanger the Government. But he realises that discipline can never compel unity when vital principles are involved. Recognising at long last that the abstentionists have both a case and strong support throughout the Labour Movement, he neither asked for an apology nor received one. What he got was an assurance that, before the issue was raised again on the floor of the House, a real effort would be made to reach agreement inside the Party.

Agreement is only possible if both sides state their case candidly so that it can be seen precisely where the differences lie. In his reply to the debate on the Amendment, Mr. Attlee seemed at one point to be arguing that his foreign policy would have satisfied his critics, had it not been for unavoidable compromises. The Government, if this be true, genuinely desires to carry out an independent Socialist policy; but it has been compelled to jettison it by force of circumstances. What were these circumstances? Our economic dependence on America is well known. But is it so great that it now involves political dependence? Or is the Government's case that the Russian attitude last winter was so threatening as to compel us to enter into special military understandings with the U.S.A. in order to meet the possibility of actual aggression? If all that divides the Government from its critics is a difference of appreciation of the American and Russian role in the power-politics which are concealed behind the peace-making in Paris and New York, then there is no reason to fear a clash of principle. All that is necessary is for the Government to explain the circumstances which forced it, temporarily, to abandon its avowed policy; and to make it clear that this abandonment is merely temporary.

But is this the only point of difference? At our invitation, Mr. Aidan Crawley, M.P., an "intellectual" who supports the Bevin line, states below his case against the abstentionists. He writes as a private Member, but there is little doubt that his view is shared by some members of the Cabinet. He does not pretend that there is agreement on principle, and he frankly states the reasons why in his view a Socialist Government is bound to agree more often with the U.S.A. than with the U.S.S.R. He does not condemn as ideological the demands for a Socialist policy; on the contrary, he gives strictly ideological reasons for an Anglo-American partnership against Communist attempts to whittle away the democratic basis of the United Nations.

Here at last is an honest and outright defence of Mr. Bevin. Mr. Crawley clearly believes that all the speeches made by Labour leaders at the General Election, asserting that Labour would not join an ideological partnership with America, and would for this reason be able to strive for Three-Power co-operation, were wrong-headed. A Socialist, in his view, must regard the democratic politics of the U.S.A. as of more account than its capitalist economy, which "carries the seeds of its own modification." We may have to argue with the Americans about economics, but that is a matter within the democratic family. When it comes to the real test—the Communist challenge —we must stand together to resist the assault.

If Mr. Crawley's view is widely held inside the Parliamentary Party, then indeed an issue of principle is involved, and a struggle will take place for the soul of the Labour Party. For Mr. Crawley's philosophy conflicts not only with election pledges but with one of the most deeply rooted traditions of British Socialism. Ever since 1917 the Labour Movement has stubbornly believed that, in any conflict between capitalist Powers and the U.S.S.R., it should at least abstain from assisting the capitalist side. It has been deeply divided in its attitude to Communism, but it has been united in the belief that it has at least as much in common with Soviet Russia as

with the U.S.A. The Labour Movement has never evolved a view of foreign affairs based on clear-cut principles. Feelings have been more potent than arguments; and though the Movement has an attitude to Russia, it has tended in the past to leave to the experts the articulation of that attitude into precise policy. This defect will now have to be remedied. Labour must make up its mind as well as its heart.

Mr. Crawley rests his case on the central importance of building up a genuinely democratic United Nations. He makes it clear that the United Nations, which he desires, is compatible both with American and with "Liberal Socialist" principles, but incompatible with Russian methods and indeed with any Marxist philosophy. He welcomes the fact that Russia has accepted the position of "Official Opposition" within Uno, and apparently also welcomes a coalition of the American and British delegations on the Government Front Bench. This line-up in Uno, to which the Government's critics take objection, he believes to be a healthy development and likely to prevent a Third World War. Indeed, he holds that standardisation of armaments between ourselves and the U.S.A. will bring nearer the formation of a United Nations Armed Force—pledged presumably to defend law and order as defined by the "democratic" countries against "Marxist" aggression.

Mr. Crawley's arguments have been used often enough by Conservative and Liberal critics against Labour's foreign policy, as laid down before the election. What is novel is that they are now put forward by a Socialist in defence of a Labour Government. They disregard, as Liberal theory always has done, the Socialist analysis of the causes of both war and revolution; and they dismiss as "Marxism" all the principles on which Labour Party spokesmen, in opposition, based their criticism of British foreign policy. They also disregard the strong economic and realistic arguments of the "rebels," and somewhat naively rely on American capitalism developing as a force for stability and freedom within America and throughout the world. But, for the moment, our point is that Mr. Crawley's defence of the Government demands a clean break with the tradition of the Party in relation to foreign affairs. If he is right, it is the "rebels" who are defending the traditional Party policy, and the Government which is departing radically from it.

THE CASE FOR MR. BEVIN

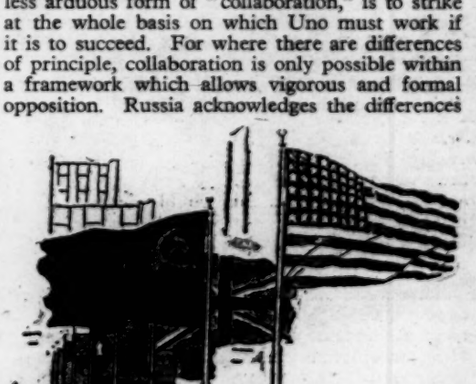
THOUGH no disciplinary action within the Labour Party has been taken against the critics of the Government's foreign policy, the discussion continues, not merely because foreign affairs is a permanent issue, but because there are many who feel that the roots of the controversy lie deep and may give rise to further differences later on. Two main streams of thought have combined to form the present Labour Party. The first, based on a mixture of liberal and Christian philosophy, has its roots deep in the past; for the last two hundred years it has expressed itself politically in the progressive limitation of private rights in the wider interest of the individual. The legislation which abolished the Game Laws, introduced income tax (referred to by Tories of the day as an "outrageous invasion of the rights of private property"), passed the Factory Acts, legalised trade unions, and made tentative beginnings in the field of social insurance, is the outcome of this thinking, and forms the solid foundation on which the present Government is building. To those who approach Socialism in this way, historical continuity and progress by trial and error are of cardinal importance.

Into this stream of thought, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there flowed another. Though Marxist philosophy is largely discredited, it remains true to say that to those for whom Marx is an inspiration history begins with the industrial revolution; what went before is little more than an introduction necessary to prepare men's minds for the truth that all freedom really depends on the attainment of a fully Socialist economy. However freely they make use of the opportunities of democracy themselves, those who approach Socialism in this way tend to regard political freedom, if not as a luxury, as of secondary importance. They argue that complete freedom will automatically follow the establishment of Socialism; the means by which it is attained, therefore, matter less to them than to their liberal-minded colleagues.

In spite of the diversity of the group which abstained from voting on the amendment to the Address on the King's Speech, the division of opinion over the question of foreign affairs may be said, broadly, to reflect these two main currents. The majority of the Labour Party, unquestionably, are liberal Socialists; where democracy is concerned the trade unionists are conservative, and with them go a large number of the constituency Members. Opposed to them are a few thorough-going Marxists, and a fairly large group which, though wishing to be democratic, flirts with the Marxist view that freedom is "economic." Though for all the members of this group the breach of party discipline was sincerely a matter of conscience, the breach itself was symptomatic; and unless they become aware of where their tendencies are leading them, other breaches will occur.

The Government's view has been made very plain. It is that the freedom of political democracy—freedom of speech, equality under the law, free elections—are the basis of Socialism, and without them totalitarian dictatorship is inevitable whatever economic system is imposed. As long as Russia does not accept this view, there is bound to be a conflict of opinion in the field of foreign affairs. The fact that the conflict is being fought out in Uno is the crux of the whole matter. The Russians have been unscrupulous in the way in which they have presented their point of view, yet the fact that they are using Uno is the best thing that could happen. In spite of all the difficulties, by accepting Uno Russia is adopting methods more democratic than those she employs within her own boundaries, and is constantly faced with the choice of accepting or rejecting world opinion. The world has a chance to influence her. If, therefore, Socialist Britain is to lead the world, her first duty is to see that the machinery of Uno is democratically devised; her second to press the Social-Democratic point of view when that machinery is working. On occasions, both Russia and the United States will have to be opposed; but, since the machinery is still in the making, opposition to Russia is more frequent and for the moment more important.

To give way to the feeling that such opposition is likely to "antagonise" Russia, and to seek some less arduous form of "collaboration," is to strike at the whole basis on which Uno must work if it is to succeed. For where there are differences of principle, collaboration is only possible within a framework which allows vigorous and formal opposition. Russia acknowledges the differences of principle, and is accepting the role of the world's Official Opposition; and that, far from implying a deterioration in foreign affairs, is a great step forward. For though the Tories speak glibly about the close friendship which existed during the war, those who dealt with the Russians were always aware of the great difficulties which would emerge when the war was over, and there are very few who believe that Mr. Churchill's personal relations with Mr. Stalin would have solved our problems.



[Permission "The New Yorker." Copyright The F-R Publishing Corp.

The failure to realise that the hope of world government, and therefore of world Socialism, depends on Uno underlies all the other criticisms which unite to form the Labour Party opposition. Some people, notably Mr. Crossman, have maintained that the expansion of the economic power of the United States is as dangerous to the world as the political expansion of Russia, and should be resisted as strenuously by Britain; others maintain that the opposition to Russia has been prejudiced, and that over Spain, Greece and Indonesia, Russia has been right and should have been supported; others believe that certain countries in Eastern Europe are "suited to" Communist rather than democratic government, and at the same time make the vague charge that Socialism has not been properly supported on the Continent. All seem to be agreed that some central Bloc is the only means of avoiding "the inevitable clash" between the U.S.A. and Soviet Russia.

The answer to the last of these suggestions is, surely, that if a clash really is inevitable, the formation of a central Bloc is futile. In a war between America and Russia neutrality would be out of the question, and such a Bloc would be quickly absorbed by one side or the other, or become the battlefield. Taking the saner view that both Russia and the United States wish, above all things, to avoid a clash, a central Bloc still does not help. The Russians are known to resent the idea; and, as its formation would mean cold-shouldering the Americans, nothing could do more to revive their tendency to isolationism. If Europe makes it plain that she does not want American help, it will not take long for America to withdraw. The fallacy, once again, is the failure to realise that within Uno (and without Blocs) a clash, in the physical sense, can be avoided.

The suggestion that some countries of Eastern Europe are not suited to democracy implies a contradiction. Do those who advocate a central Bloc really intend to make a start by abandoning Eastern Europe to Russian control? It is perfectly true that the Balkan countries have suffered centuries of tyranny; but is that a reason for ignoring the efforts they have made during the last fifty years to liberate themselves and to make a beginning to democracy? "Suited" or not, a very large proportion of the population of those countries wish to continue their democratic development, and look to Western democracies, through Uno, for help.

The question of the United States is the most important. Is Mr. Crossman's argument—that an "anti-Communist ideology" and "dollar imperialism" are as dangerous to the peace of the world as the political expansion of Russia—really tenable? Does the world, or any part of it, really fear that the American capitalist system is going to be imposed upon it by force of arms? Does any country which has a trade treaty with the United States fear that, if it repudiates the agreement, it will be occupied by American troops? The answer, of course, is No, and that is why Mr. Crossman's bogey of an Anglo-American alliance falls flat. Even if standardisation of military equipment is taking place, that only means that neither this nor any other British Government can contemplate a war in which the United States is on the other side. And isn't that pure gain? Doesn't it bring the formation of the United Nations' Armed Force one step nearer?

The danger from the United States is of another kind. Most countries are afraid that unbridled capitalism in America may involve them

in a world slump. But once again, in the economic organisations of Uno, the world is taking steps to forestall a slump and to mitigate its effects if it comes. The conflict of economic opinion has just begun. And even if the United States wins the opening rounds, or goes back on her economic agreements, two vital facts stand out: first, that capitalism carries the seeds of its own modification, and in America those seeds are sprouting fast; secondly, that the United States is a democracy with a collective conscience which has always proved susceptible to world opinion in the long run. There is a severe struggle with the United States ahead of us, but so long as Uno continues to function, time is on our side.

AIDAN CRAWLEY

A PARIS DIARY

THE Canadian delegate spoke rapidly and at great length in both French and English. He said that the more we got together the happier we'd be. If the nations understood each other better there would be no war; the task of Unesco —for this was a meeting of the Unesco section on "Media of Mass Communication"—was to use the press, radio and films to tell everybody about everybody else, with the natural result that we should all love each other. I found this hard to bear. I almost got up to propose that we set up a Committee for the Promotion of Peace through Misunderstanding between the Nations. If we had understood the Germans better, the war would have started some years earlier than it did. And what about civil wars? On this get-together analysis, they could never occur. No, I said to myself, peace-making must be based on an unsentimental analysis of the social, economic and psychological causes of war. We have to live at peace with people even if we don't like them.

* * *

The Canadian delegate was one of the politicians who sat round the table and wanted to make a speech which would be reported at home. Behind the delegates there sat small groups of first-class experts on the films, the press and the wireless. The British group contained specialists as distinguished as John Grierson and Paul Rotha. They had sat up until three in the morning for the past week working out in detail practical projects for improving the quality of the world's information. I emphasise quality in order to counter the naive notion that somehow or other a mere increase in the already overwhelming flood of words or pictures is a good thing. At the end of this first session, J. B. Priestley, the indefatigable and extremely practical leader of the British delegation, got up and demanded that the Committee got down to brass tacks and gave the world proof that Unesco was actually doing something. His protest had results, and on Monday and Tuesday the British projects were adopted.

* * *

Behind all this there lies an unresolved problem. The British view is that, with a limited budget, Unesco had better start off its first year with modest but important projects. Unesco should at once set up expert machinery for producing good, educative, but sufficiently popular, films, and persuading the present distributors to show them; for preparing useful books and translations, interchanging scientific information, encouraging international theatres, for seeing that international broadcasts and feature articles are actually put over through the press and the radio. The Americans have bigger ideas. Some of them talk of setting up a chain of wireless stations which will enable everybody everywhere to hear what Unesco has to say, and so to use the new technique of world communications as to create the mental background of One World. In reply, the British ask, first, whether it is technically possible to produce such a world service on wavelengths that the masses of people can hear; whether money would be forthcoming for such a grand project; whether, if it is, it will be possible to offer programmes sufficiently attractive to persuade people to listen in to Unesco wireless in preference to their national wavelengths, and whether in the present divided state of the world such a wireless would, in fact, be used for anything but propaganda for the American way of life. In brief, they ask in private, if not in public, whether, in starting such a vast scheme, we should not be rather building two worlds than taking a step towards world unity.

* * *

This ideological struggle is clearer in Paris than in England. For in France the two worlds live side by side and stultify each other. It is often said that the French are now very apathetic and demoralised. This is a superficial judgment that comes, I think, from observing only middle-class Paris. A better test is the surprisingly good figure of French production. The Trade Unions are led by Communists; the word to the worker is to produce, and produce they do. People of the hotel and shopkeeping class to whom I talked complain bitterly of the lack of Government, and are frightened of the growth of Communism. But they are not, as far as I could judge, at all in the mood of people to take up arms for counter-revolution. This was confirmed, though cautiously, by people who are more in contact with the political Right. Counter-revolution, they say, is possible, but not on the whole very probable. De Gaulle pleases very few. If he were to win in the struggle, France would go through another blood-bath, with no prospect of any economic or political solution. But the Communist people have at least an idea, resolution and a social policy. They seem the only people who can clear up the raging black market and the "scandals" which constantly hit the headlines in the French press. They play a very cautious constitutional game, which leaves the Socialists little choice but to work with them, whatever their fears of finding themselves playing Jonah to the whale.

* * *

To me the most interesting question is whether the Communism of France, with its Western traditions, will develop its own French policy and cease to repeat gramophone records from Moscow. As long as the issue between Socialism and counter-revolution is undecided in Europe, all Communist foreign policy must reflect the desires of the Kremlin. But where the Communists have a chance of winning through normal democratic means, there is good reason to hope that, in the West at least, they will abandon the doctrine that all who do not support them are enemies to be liquidated. I hear that there are already three tendencies in the French Communist Party. There are, of course, the high priests of Marxian dialectic, whose job it is to find the theoretical justification for every tactical switch. There are also a few within the Communist Party who are developing tendencies distinctly critical of Moscow. Amongst the leaders there are some like Duclos, much the ablest Communist parliamentarian, who are increasingly insistent that Communism, which was born in the French Revolution and not in Germany or Russia, has its own great traditions and must develop in its own western way. As a theoretical proposition this would not be denied by Moscow, and it is in this tendency that I see the best hope for Western Europe.

* * *

Germany is the one issue on which all French people, from Right to Left, are agreed. Though many Frenchmen fear Communism, in France there is none of that pathological hatred of Russia which now distorts American policy. Indeed, I heard much more fear of America, with its great wealth and atom bombs, than of devastated Russia, which is obviously fighting a defensive battle. Their main preoccupation is still that once again Britain and America will rebuild Germany, which will once again become a menace to all her neighbours. Schumacher's visit to this country was headline news in every French newspaper. When I got back, I began to realise why. The re-establishment of contact between the Labour Party and the German Social Democrats is, of course, urgently necessary, and I am delighted that this long-delayed visit has at last been arranged. But the publicity and the formality which have been given to it are surely a mistake. Transport House and the Parliamentary Labour Party have "done the honours" to no other Socialist Party in Europe, nor can I remember a Government reception to any French, Dutch, Belgian, Czech or Norwegian Socialist delegation—to name only Allied countries whose Socialists worked with us actively in organising the Resistance. No wonder there were caustic comments at a French reception, which I attended last Tuesday in the Savoy, about what was going on in the room immediately above. Inevitably the obvious conclusions are drawn that British sentimentality is being once again harnessed to a pro-German policy in disregard of French interests, because of its anti-Russian bias, and so on. I am quite sure that this was not the effect which anyone intended to create, and it could so easily have been avoided if Dr. Schumacher's visit had been organised a little more discreetly and preceded by a well-publicised visit from one at least of the Allied Socialist Parties.

* * *

Night-shows in Paris are always full of political satire, and the French must certainly be amused to hear that in this country the Lord Chamberlain censors a song which rags Labour Ministers for dropping their aitches. I rang up the Lord Chamberlain's office on the matter and learned, as I expected, that the story is a newspaper stunt. This type of censorship is the routine work of the Chamberlain's office, which acts without this Government or any other Government knowing what it does. The invariable rule is to insist on a change in any stage-song or play which is offensive to living persons—bishops and newspaper proprietors just as much as politicians. This censorship is based on the Theatres Act of 1843, which tells the Lord Chamberlain to look after "good manners decorum and the public peace." With notable exceptions we can all think of, this wide measure of discretion is usually exercised with common sense. Whether Labour Ministers would really be offended by reflections on their articulation I do not know; Jimmy Thomas is not the only Labour leader who is reputed to have carefully cultivated the absent aspirate.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Barbara Noble.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

In 1926 he renounced the soldier's for a monastic life at Downside. He ceased to belong to White's but retained his membership of the Guards Club. —*Daily Telegraph.*

After Mr. Ramsey has been supported by members of the Club, Rotarian Frank Green pointed out that most of the beauty spots of the country had been battlefields since feudal times. If they were taken over as training grounds they would only be reverting to their natural purpose. —*Oldbury Weekly News.*

I am not surprised at the bad response to the call for recruits. If the boys were taught to admire the achievements of their country, and particularly the Army, they would come flocking in. But no inspiring patriotic poetry is taught them. "Not a drum was heard . . ."

Yet they are responsive. I read "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to them, and it caused applause. There is nothing wrong with them fundamentally. They are starved mentally.—*Daily Telegraph.*

GERMAN INDUSTRY

[In this article Mr. Gollancz concludes his report on the British Zone.]

THE muddle and irrationality with which we are handling German industry is so unbelievable that no explanation, it would seem, could possibly exist. But there is an explanation, and it is two-fold.

First, when we originally went in, this or that industrial concern was "reactivated" at various levels, and often at the very lowest, to meet the immediate situation. I should judge that the Army did a first-rate job in those early months. But what was a virtue in the summer of 1945 became criminal lunacy when it persisted indefinitely; and things went from bad to worse when soldiers, acting *ad hoc* with the speed of a military operation, were gradually replaced by a vast and unco-ordinated bureaucratic machine, with no real change in the basic system. The superimposition of some attempt at planning, on a mere quarterly basis, has affected the all-over position very little. What has been totally lacking has been a strong controlling hand (which months ago should have substituted for a chaotic series of spasms at the various levels a planned direction from the top), and a planned direction based, not only on a view that could look beyond next week, but on broad consumer needs—including the need for producer goods—rather than on the competing demands of local producers.

The second explanation is, of course, Potsdam. There is an intellectual beauty about the completeness of the vacuum which separates zonal desires and necessities on the one hand from the impersonal operation of the reparations machine, positive and negative, on the other. Æons, as it seems, ago there was some connection between the two: for the whole thing started with a tentative list of "war potential" and "surplus" concerns put up by the Zone. That list has now acquired an independent robot's existence: bit by bit, in the form of embargoes on reactivation, orders to affix Law 52, visits by inventory-making commissions, and actual blowings-up and dismantlings, it comes crashing like some great stupid steamroller into the Zone (where meanwhile "the local situation" changes monthly), creating uncertainty, confusion and terror. Branches and Divisions which suddenly see their plans, or their apology for plans, irreparably menaced make frantic efforts to stay the monster's course; but usually in vain. This is no doubt an over-simplified picture. The list is modified from time to time: there are postponements, last-minute reprieves and so on; but by and large the picture is accurate. After a spate this autumn of placardings and inspections for reparation purposes, as well as of official threats, the position is at the moment obscure: *The Times* correspondent reported from Berlin on November 28 an official statement that "there will not be any further closing of iron and steel plants [these alone are mentioned] until at least the end of this year . . . The statement contradicts the more optimistic reports that there would be no further closures this winter."

Let me give some examples of the lunacy, smaller and larger, that results from the operation of these two factors. For instance: (a) A blanket-making firm was allocated coal—but no power to run its machines. (b) A pin and needle factory was allowed to restart—but not to use its stock of raw materials, without which it could do nothing. (c) A firm in North Rhine-Westphalia urgently needed some building materials for indispensable repairs. It was granted them, but with the proviso that they must be obtained outside the city. You have to get a special permit to take a lorry more than 80 kilometres from its place of residence. This permit was refused.

When I was in Düsseldorf, it was announced in the German Press, and not, so far as I am aware, denied, that Hoesch of Dortmund would close down for reparations very shortly. Now the life of Dortmund centres round three great concerns, and the more important part of one of them had already been closed down two or three weeks before, officially "on account of the shortage of coal," but really, or rather also, because it was to be eliminated under the "concentration of industry" plan—which is inextricably mixed up with reparations. If Hoesch is closed down in January, not only will the whole city be ruined; not only, on top of the food shortage and the housing catastrophe, will thousands of men be thrown out of employment in mid-winter; not only will it be impossible to re-absorb more than a third of the skilled men in their own trade, with the result that some will become slum labour, and others, after decades at the blast furnaces, will die off miserably—but, in addition, there will be, at best, a grave interruption in the supply of urgently needed fertilisers for the British Zone. For, even if the subsidiary which makes the fertilisers is spared, it will have to get its raw material—slag—from elsewhere. The fact that the firm has one of the finest pension schemes in existence, and that a part, if not all, of the benefits will be lost to the men flung out, would have been worthy of mention in a more decent age.

On October 30, Mr. Asbury, Regional Commissioner for North Rhine-Westphalia, stated that Mathes and Weber was down for early dismantling. This firm is one of the only two in the British Zone manufacturing soda. You can't make washing-powder without soda, and the other soda-making firm is already overburdened. So it looks as if Henkel, the great soap firm, may have to close, too. Our Chemical Branch is making the usual frantic effort to secure a last-minute reprieve. Then there is a firm in Wesseling called the Union Rheinische Kraftstoff A.G. Its product is synthetic fuel. It could resume the production of petrol immediately, and imports, which are at present 80 per cent. of consumption, could then be reduced. The raw material is brown coal from neighbouring Cologne. But all attempts to get a permit have failed. The reason: Potsdam prohibits the manufacture of synthetic fuel. Meanwhile, or so I am told, cars in our Zone use synthetic fuel from Russian-occupied Leuna.

It is proposed to destroy the quays and deep-water berths of Kiel harbour. If this is done, not only will Kiel cease, as it should cease, to be a naval base: it will cease to be a harbour at all, and no ships of any size will be able to call there. Now the Kiel authorities, with commendable pluck, are planning to build up a whole series of light industries; but they are badly placed geographically, and will certainly fail if their harbour, which is the natural outlet, is lost to them. The highest British authorities put the resultant unemployment at 150,000 out of a total population of 250,000. The reason, again, is Potsdam. But I have excellent authority for saying that the Russians, far from destroying, are improving the harbours in their Zone.

Even worse is the imminent plight of Hamburg. There are, or were, three great shipbuilding works in the harbour—Bloehm and Voss, Howaldt and Deutsche Werft. Most of Bloehm and Voss has already been blown up—dynamited into a mass of shapeless metal that oppresses the mind with a sense of darker obscenity even than the dust of Cologne, which at least was annihilated under stress of war. But four or five installations remain—among them a turbine repair shop, a sawmill and some small floating docks. The turbine repair shop is the only one in Hamburg (and, I rather think, in the whole British Zone) capable of repairing Hamburg's turbines, which are rapidly getting worn out. The sawmill is of the utmost importance for the rehabilitation of the port, as the other sawmills in the neighbourhood of Hamburg are already overtaxed, and sawmills are a bottleneck anyhow. The floating docks are invaluable for the repair of ships up to 15,000 tons. Nevertheless, the arrangement was that every square inch of Bloehm and Voss was to disappear by the end of this year. When I was in Hamburg some of our own people were trying their human best to prevent the reparations monster from crashing on. But I doubt whether they have succeeded; for the day I left Bünde for the Dutch frontier I received a note from a high authority giving "a list of factories which have now come into the category of 'condemned without hope of reprieve': these will be allocated and dismantled in the immediate future." There, at the top of the list, were four Bloehm and Voss installations. I suppose at some time or other I shall have the heart to inquire whether they include the turbine repair shop and the sawmill and the floating docks.

Howaldt was scheduled to be blown up or dismantled after Bloehm and Voss; but it is at the moment intact, and as you come upon it in your launch after leaving Bloehm and Voss, it seems to have the grace of a living thing. Deutsche Werft is also said to be condemned. If these go, the port of Hamburg will be done for, as all facilities for repairing as well as for building ships will be at an end.

I shall be asked, I suppose, whether I forget the horrible engines of war that Bloehm and Voss produced. No, I don't forget them: I did my miserable best to warn people about them at a time when people who are now so tough about "the Germans" had a much better stomach for Hitler and Goering than I ever had. But I say that if there is one absolutely certain way of making a repetition of the last few years inevitable, it is to acquiesce in this godless destruction, and to drive a whole people, with whom somehow we have to live, into hatred and despair.

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

HOW NOT TO GET HOUSES

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN has publicly confessed to fright at the macrocosm of London, in whose dark forests of private enterprise, licensed and illicit, building operatives are swallowed up, so that the labour force available for the construction of houses defies statistical analysis. Small towns present a less intractable problem to the investigator. Take, for instance, Tunbridge Wells—a compact borough whose population (about 35,000) lends itself to microscopy of the housing situation. An inquiry recently set on foot by a local Discussion Group has succeeded in penetrating some way into the building jungle. Here is a town, typical of hundreds in England, which was lucky enough to escape serious damage by enemy action, and which (as its fine municipal centre testifies) is not lacking in civic consciousness. Moreover, its (rate-paying) citizens point proudly to the impressive total of over £11 million contributed to War Savings. Yet the housing crisis in the borough is acute. There are no squatters; these have found precarious asylum in a neighbour borough where the Council wages intermittent war against the invaders and endeavours to dislodge them from their bridgehead by demolishing the end-walls of the disused Army Nissen huts whenever they are unoccupied. But, apart from the fact that Tunbridge Wells contains within its precincts a festering slum area whose total clearance is socially imperative, there are no fewer than 968 families on the waiting list for urgently needed house accommodation. To meet the needs of this homeless ten per cent.—for, with their dependants the applicants make up a total of over 3,000 human beings—the borough obtained an allocation of 100 temporary pre-fabs. Of these, last month, 54 had been completed. As for permanent housing undertaken by the Council, 120 sites are "in hand" and 80 houses are nominally under construction; but none has been completed, and most of those begun are in a very elementary stage of building.

This is not an impressive performance, nor one calculated to give much comfort to the impatient waiting list. In the course of the next few months the balance of the allocated pre-fabs. will presumably be erected, but this will touch only the fringe of the problem. There are about 110 unoccupied houses in the borough, and some of these the Council, under pressure, has requisitioned; but it has not used them.

Numbers of waiting-list applicants have sought permission to become tenants of these empty dwellings, carrying out improvised adaptations with their own hands, but the Council has rejected this palliative, and has taken no steps to requisition numerous dwellings which are at present being utilised for furniture storage by local commercial firms. The Council's policy may, therefore, be presumed to be to concentrate on its permanent housing plans, in which it would claim that it has the Minister of Health's approval. Why then is progress so pitifully slow?

It is not for lack of local labour. Careful inquiries by the Discussion Group lead to the conclusion that in Tunbridge Wells there are approximately 600 workers (including about 100 unskilled labourers) in the category of "building and ancillary trades." This, one would have thought, is a local labour force adequate for carrying out a big permanent building scheme with expedition. There is, however, from Mr. Bevan's standpoint, a significant weakness in the structure of this labour force—a weakness which may go far to explain the lagging tempo of house-building in many similar towns. In Tunbridge Wells there are no fewer than 139 firms (excluding four classified as civil engineers) whose business has to do with housing. Of these, 85 are General Builders, while the remainder specialise in painting (20), plumbing (13), lighting, plastering, joinery, etc. No less, however, than 108 of these firms employ less than four men, and only 18 of the General Builders have individually a larger labour force at their disposal. Obviously, few of these small firms are in a position to tender for a housing contract of any considerable scale, and under the present system of contracting by local authorities no means exist of mobilising for "Operation House-building" such a multiplicity of small-scale enterprises.

Little surprise need therefore be felt that the building labour force in Tunbridge Wells is now distributed in a way which should give the Minister of Health, no less than the impatient applicants on the waiting list, grave concern. On a very recent date only 175 men, out of the 600 available, were engaged, directly or indirectly, in increasing the borough's available "family units" of housing. Of these, 60 were working on "conversions," for which private enterprise plans had been licensed by the Council to the tune of £14,000 up to the end of September. The pre-fabs. were occupying less than 10 men, and a similar number were working on three houses whose construction for sale or private occupation had been licensed. (Three such houses had already been completed and licences had been issued for five more not yet begun.) On the permanent housing projects in hand the labour force occupied was barely 100 men—one-sixth of the total available locally. Moreover, two thirds of the men at work were labourers, digging foundations. Bricklayers numbered less than a score.

Nearly 400 builders and "ancillary" operatives were engaged on what is technically known as "other work." This consists of repairs and renovations to house property and commercial premises, including a very small proportion of war damage. About 40 men, whose present employment the Discussion Group was unable to trace, may represent diversion of labour to unlicensed "black" private work. The size of the building black market, however, in the borough is, on all the evidence, comparatively insignificant. Indeed, there is little need for "black" operations: licences for "other work" have been issued with a lavish hand. Shops, cinemas and pubs shine with new paint. In the first nine months of this year, not far short of 1,300 licences for contracts costing between £10 and £100 were issued by the Council, adding up to a total value of £71,000. In addition, the regional licensing authority of the Ministry of Works issued supplementary licences—for work costing more than £100—to the tune of £61,000. The quarterly average of M.O.W. licences issued rose from about £10,500 in January-March to nearly £28,000 in July-September. Correlate the figures of licences issued with the present distribution of the Tunbridge Wells building labour force, and you have *in petto* one explanation of the failure of hundreds of local authorities, so far, to deliver the goods in the form of houses to rent.

It may be that under pressure from Whitehall an end will now be put to a licensing system which resulted, during the first nine months of 1946, in the authorisation of an expenditure of £14,000 on increasing the number of "family units," and of over £130,000 in "other work." But does it follow that the application of a stricter standard of austerity in assessing essential renovations and improvements will result in the concentration of building workers on housing? To some extent, perhaps: contractors engaged in permanent house-building should find it easier to place sub-contracts. But there still seems to be vital need for a mechanism whereby local authorities, in areas where there is a multiplicity of small building firms, can effectively mobilise for a single-minded drive on house-building the labour force which private enterprise has distributed so wastefully and ineffectively.

AYLMER VALLANCE

BROADCASTING IN CANADA

THIS autumn the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation celebrated its tenth birthday. Unlike the B.B.C., its operations are subjected annually to close scrutiny, usually of several months' duration, by a special committee of the House of Commons at Ottawa. Although the C.B.C. is the primary object of this inquiry, the private radio stations and their policy also necessarily come under consideration. Therefore it is something of a triumph for the Corporation that this year's Committee has reported (by a majority) in terms emphatically endorsing the principle of nationally-owned radio, and has recommended a substantial enlargement of the Corporation's borrowing powers.

Both Liberals and Conservatives have long been committed to the principle of nationally-owned radio broadcasting. This principle was first enunciated by the Aird Commission of 1929, which favoured setting up in Canada a broadcasting monopoly modelled on B.B.C. lines, involving the elimination of advertising on the air and the gradual expropriation of existing privately-owned radio stations. Economic depression and the return to office of the Conservatives delayed the implementation of the Aird Report; but Mr. Bennett and his party accepted the principle of national ownership and even experimented unsuccessfully with a short-lived "Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission" which, having no financial or administrative independence, speedily became a plaything of party politics and went down to disaster at the time of the General Election of 1935. The following year Mr. Mackenzie King's government set up the C.B.C. on B.B.C. lines, but without nationalising the private stations. Since then Canada has enjoyed a "mixed" system of broadcasting, in which private and public enterprise co-exist and, to a considerable extent, compete with one another.

At all times this system has had to operate under the shadow of the huge commercial radio networks of the United States. Four-fifths of Canada's population, can and do regularly listen to U.S. stations, which carry the slickest, liveliest, costliest and most popular entertainment in North America.

Paradoxically, however, the C.B.C. came into existence, and owes its continued existence to-day, to the determination of Canadians *not* to allow complete domination of their air by U.S. privately-owned networks. Canadians are aware of their existing dependence on U.S. for nearly all the films they see, most of the books they read, and much of the material in their newspapers. They want to keep a good corner of their own radio for themselves. And no one has yet shown them a better way to do this than through the C.B.C., which is expected, by the thinking portion of the nation, to provide an outlet for Canadian talent, patronage for Canadian music, acting and authorship, and a vehicle for voicing and discussing Canadian ideas and tastes.

The C.B.C. was financed, in the first place, out of licence revenue ($2.50 per receiving station), as in Britain. But owing to the small size of the population and the huge extent of the country, this revenue was not nearly enough for the running of a national network. So from its earliest days the C.B.C. supplemented its licence revenue with commercial revenue, derived mainly from carrying U.S. commercial programmes, but also partly from carrying programmes sponsored by national Canadian advertisers.

Of the ninety-odd stations in the Dominion, the C.B.C. itself owns and operates a bare dozen. These, however, include the chief high-powered medium-wave stations, with the greatest coverage. Supplemented by 40 or 50 of the private stations, they make up the C.B.C. network—or rather networks, for there are now two, the "Trans-Canada" and the "Dominion." The remaining private stations operate independently of the C.B.C. Groups of them are owned, leased or operated by particular commercial interests, such as newspapers. Many of the private stations are members of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, which speaks in the name of private radio generally, and while ostensibly accepting the existence of the C.B.C., seeks continually to limit or undermine its power.

At every annual Parliamentary Committee's review of the C.B.C., the C.A.B., or one or more of its members, is heard complaining or criticising, usually with backing from Progressive Conservative and Social Credit M.P.s. The private stations have grievances, some well founded, others nakedly selfish. Their most compelling grievance is the uncertainty of their status ever since the Aird Commission pressed for nationalisation. They say that this has forced them into a policy of "making hay while the sun shines," and withholding plans for long-term future development, including incurring heavy capital expenditure on new equipment, and unremunerative current expenditure on "public service" programmes. There is, however, good reason to believe that most private stations have been prosperous enough in recent years.

Their second grievance is that the C.B.C. is charged with the regulation of all broadcasting in the Dominion. This regulation, on the whole, serves to purify the Canadian air of the most blatant excesses of U.S. commercial radio. But it is irksome to the private stations, as representing a piece of red tape that hinders them from earning more revenue, and as imposed by an organisation which they regard as a competitor in their own commercial field.

The C.B.C.'s avowed policy, endorsed over and over again by Parliament, is to own and operate itself all high-powered stations, and to operate and control all networks in Canada, while leaving to private enterprise the exploitation of local commercial broadcasting and the development of a local community broadcasting service. The aim of the larger private stations is to wrest from the C.B.C. the right to form regional networks of their own, and to operate one of the two national networks on a purely commercial basis.

What of the C.B.C's own achievements during its first ten years? They are not unimpressive. First comes the building of the high-powered transmitters and the establishment of the national networks, giving a 95 per cent. programme coverage to the population. In this vast Dominion, larger in area than the U.S.A. itself, and covering five time-zones, this is no mean feat. Private radio, as was proved long before the C.B.C. was born, will cater only to urban areas, where the "market" is large enough to attract sponsors.

Secondly, while bringing to the Canadian listener the best of U.S. sponsored entertainment (including such expensive items as the complete broadcasts from New York Metropolitan Opera), the C.B.C. has developed public service programmes of its own which are the envy of serious-minded U.S. listeners. C.B.C.'s news service is more accurate, better balanced, less sensational and more honest than its U.S. counterpart. Canada has developed a school broadcasting system which is more comprehensive and better integrated with the country's educational framework than exists in the U.S. And of recent years, C.B.C. dramatic and musical programmes have won awards at American festivals and exhibitions, whose judges have praised them for a courage and originality hardly possible under commercial radio.

The international character of Canada's broadcast programmes must also be reckoned to C.B.C.'s credit. The country's two languages have found expression in the coexistence of French (Quebec) and English networks. French Canadian programmes, reflecting a marked taste for drama, variety, and music, benefit from the comparatively small proportion of time given on the French network to sponsored broadcasts.

Next, the C.B.C. has, throughout and since the war, given generous allotment of time to relaying B.B.C. programmes. Canadian broadcasters regret that this gesture has not met with adequate reciprocation on B.B.C. home programmes.

Fourthly, the C.B.C. not only takes the cream of U.S. radio entertainment, but gives in exchange to U.S. networks many valuable Canadian originations of musical, dramatic and educational programmes; witness Canada's contributions to C.B.S. American School of the Air. Lastly, C.B.C. through its shortwave service, now speaks with a powerful voice on the international ether, to Europe and Latin America. At the same time C.B.C. vies with U.S. radio in enthusiastic support of the new United Nations organisations, including Unesco, and has already offered to put broadcasting facilities at their disposal.

The weaknesses of the C.B.C. arise from Canada's own deficiencies. The Corporation lacks financial resources commensurate with the gigantic task it has to perform. Its annual revenue is still less than the monthly revenue of one of the major U.S. networks. It is understaffed, and its staff, by British and U.S. standards, is poorly paid. Its best talent, both on the staff and among the artists, tends to drift off to U.S. and elsewhere. Having been created by a Liberal Government which has held office ever since, it is constantly accused of political subservience to that government. It has no radio magazine of its own, or other effective machinery of public relations, and it is harassed by frequent Parliamentary investigations.

The strength of the C.B.C. lies partly in the weakness of its foes. The public knows very well that, if the C.A.B. had its way, Canadian radio would rapidly revert to total dependence on U.S. networks. Again and again the private stations have failed to produce any plan for discharging their responsibilities to public service broadcasting, if they were granted a network of their own.

Still, the private interests do act as a spur to the C.B.C., forcing it to be alert and responsive to new developments. The U.S. boom in Frequency Modulation has now extended into Canada; many new 'FM' local stations, some educational, others commercial, will be built in the next few years. Television must probably wait until some way appears of meeting the enormous expense of its programmes. Meantime, more high-powered stations will be erected, and the coverage of the second English network rendered complete.

To sum up—the C.B.C. has achieved much with very modest resources, and has avoided complacency. Competition has tempered monopoly. Public service has kept its head above the waters of commercialism.

R. S. LAMBERT

PEOPLE : Voters

"The real test of a political party is not winning one election; it is in winning two consecutive elections."

THUS, accurately, says Herbert Morrison in a collection of Labour leaders' addresses, *Forward From Victory* (Gollancz: 5s.). What then are the Labour Party's prospects?

In the November municipal elections Labour gained 159 seats, mainly from Independent anti-Socialists. This was part of the previous year's progress, and not as much as some had expected. Conservatives gained four seats. Everyone else lost. In recent Parliamentary by-elections the Government has continued its almost unique record by not losing a seat, and this has given satisfaction, although in Aberdeen the Conservative vote increased. On the other hand, in Rotherhithe the Conservative unexpectedly lost his deposit. A marked feature has been the degree of non-voting despite unusually vigorous local campaigns. And, of course, the party in power expects to lose some ground in by-elections, anyway.

Public opinion polls give a picture less clouded by local features or candidate personalities. The British Institute of Public Opinion in November reported 44 per cent. satisfied "with the Government's record to date," and 43 per cent. dissatisfied. The *Daily Express* Centre of Public Opinion got 44 per cent. satisfied "with the Government's conduct of affairs," 47 per cent. not; and they show a decline of 15 per cent. in satisfaction over the past year. According to a BIPO poll, satisfaction with Attlee as P.M. has dropped 12 per cent. in 15 months. Qualitative surveys by Mass Observation indicate this trend is even stronger at the level of *private* opinion (what you say to friend or family); it is usual, on matters where criticism of the *status quo* is involved, for widespread personal attitudes only to emerge slowly into a collective *public* opinion (what you say to a stranger, interviewer or your M.P.).

* * *

Some Labour leaders appear to think they were put into office on a great upsurge of Socialist fervour. What actually happened was even more significant, but a little simpler. If I may quote a 1943 article of my own:—

> Political movements are often confused and even contradictory. Behind them lie a deep and growing disillusion with the efficiency of existing systems, doubt about the whole pattern of promise in our civilised life. For many, here, giving Labour another chance is a last hope.

In this frame of mind, on a June day several million adults put a cross on a bit of paper against the Labour candidate. They were outnumbered by those jointly voting for other Parties; and millions more abstained. Many Labour votes were positive. But a decisive margin came from a fraction of the population, who refused again to vote Conservative, thought it useless to vote Liberal, and decided to see what sort of a job the other fellows would make of it.

Since taking office, Labour has been most energetic in fulfilling election promises. It is on the less tangible side—promise of a surer way ahead—that they have been weakest. World events have not helped. Even so, much could have been done to give a new drive and direction not only to Labour supporters but to all voters, and abstainers. Having won, Labour has rested on its emotional oars. It has mistaken a majority for an open mandate, and strikingly failed to lead private opinion.

* * *

Get any ten people who voted Labour to write down quickly what they consider the good and bad things this Government has done. The omissions, mistakes and disagreements will, I think, surprise you. Never has a Government tried to do so much so quickly and in such a complex situation. The more complex and rapid its activities, the more it must get people to understand what it is doing and—more important—*why* it is doing and is *not* doing things, at home, in the Empire and in the world. At present people are confused about all sorts of things, from Uno—USA—USSR—Unesco—Unrra down to the closed shop, coal, steel and "the next war." People always were confused enough. To-day this is worse, when the Government can least afford to have it so.

In a recent debate Glenvil Hall pointed triumphantly to the *Monthly Digest of Statistics*, *Board of Trade Journal*, and *Ministry of Labour Gazette*, saying, "It is untrue and unfair to the Government to pretend that these facts are not there, and that the public are not being informed." Apparently unaware of this *non sequitur*, the Government have failed to recognise the need for regular, popular, nation-wide explanation of our total situation. Yet in *Forward from Victory* Morrison declares in favour of "a planned economic programme . . . attaining adequate and objective publicity as we go along." Francis Williams, chief public relations adviser to the Prime Minister, says the same in his recent *Press, Parliament and People*. Why, then, is so little being done about it? The explanations that I can offer are:—

(1) The Government has no general overall plan which it can explain to the people;

(2) It confidently thinks all is well in the public mind; or

(3) It has not thought the thing out at all.

Your guess is as good as mine . . .

* * *

The Government is probably proud of its economic machinery, and in *Forward From Victory* Isaacs stresses its analytical and predictive function. What this Government has underestimated is the human factor in their total problem. Thus they have suddenly discovered a thing called "incentive," which seems to threaten our whole productive drive. Had they not been dominated by economic and statistical advisers, and had they been in closer touch with working people this factor—one of several that have been gravely neglected—would have been foreseen and at least to some extent dealt with long since. Now, piecemeal attempts are being made to tackle the production problem at the propaganda level; these have been poorly thought out and half-hearted in execution. *Ad hoc* propaganda is automatically costly and inefficient, generally too late, and often contradictory—as with the National Savings Poster urging us to save to buy "that bit of land before very long," much to the embarrassment of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning in development areas.

The need is for explanation. This is nothing to do with Socialist or any other type of partisan propaganda. It is the responsibility of any Government in these complicated times. An understanding public is more far-seeing, less selfish, better armoured against outside upsets, crises and instabilities.

This goes beyond Party. Any drastic rapid disillusion with this Government would be likely to damage the prestige of all government. As things are, this is the only immediately effective Party which is not so far associated in the public mind with disaster or self-interest. The Liberal Party, although apparently set upon its own suicide, could have a future, but not a very immediate one.

The National Executive of the Labour Party wrote to the Parliamentary Labour Party *apropos* the Crossman amendment: "There must be no repetition of the split in the Party ranks, as it would cause such a serious deterioration of public esteem that the effect on the next election would be disastrous." Perhaps the National Executive has taken Morrison's "two consecutive" adage too much to heart. Britain did not vote merely for a Labour Party blindly loyal to leaders, irrespective of promises, principles, conscience or country. The greatest danger to the Labour Party is its little island of unexpectedly sharp isolation, its failure to carry on the leadership of the public mind as well as the public body.

TOM HARRISSON

LETTER TO MY BEARER

Mr. Arikasami Gopal,
Madras, India.

Dear Sammy,

No—I was not surprised to hear from you on my return. I expected you would not be able to find work and, though I knew you could not write, I guessed from the style of your letter that you had persuaded the Munshi to write one for you. I knew that after a year together in which I taught you, successfully I hope, that all men are brothers, you would not address me as "Illustrious Master." Especially since I am not a Master any more. I make my own charpoy, polish my shoes, sweep my basha and even wipe the soap off my razor blade after shaving. But then I am no more in the Army—which, Sammy, is a good thing though you may not think so at present.

When I left India and gave you your chittih recommending your services "To Whom it may Concern," I knew it wouldn't really concern anybody, for the Army is gradually packing up and regimental bearers are sacked right and left. I tried hard to find you a job, telling people how, wherever we went, you always managed to scrounge a tin-bath and a bamboo table and paraffin-oil for our hurricane lamp, how, when I had fever, you used to apply cold compresses with ice pinched from the officers' mess and how you once carried my tin-trunk the six dusty miles from the station to the camp because the Army drivers wouldn't give a lift to a "Wog." I told them too about the way you had with bugs and how you introduced me to burning sticks of dried cow-dung to keep off the mosquitoes, how you always had a chattee full of fresh lime-juice and kept the ants off the pea-nuts.

All this I told them. I told them how honest you were—so that I could leave my wallet containing sixty rupees on the shelf and be sure that there would still be sixty "chips" on my return.

It was no use. I was also asked could you cook? Well, of course, deliciously so. Vegetable Pulaw and Doss, and Papaya and curried Ladies Fingers, and store a pineapple in a kitbag for a fortnight in order to let it ripen. No—not that! Fish and chips and roast and Yorkshire pudding and blue cocktails—could you do that? And could you drive a Ford 8 and put on gramophone records and bath babies and speak Malayalam, Tamil and Bengali as well as English?

You see it was no use. Had you been well-built and strong I might have been able to talk to the manager of the Chinese Restaurant to give you a try as a waiter. As it is you are skinny and emaciated through 35 years of malnutrition (the Munshi will tell you what that means), you walk with a limp, your nose is deformed through early disease and your stomach can't even hold the two ounces of toddy I stood you on Deepavali. No, you are no Adonis, Sammy!

Which proves that your wife must have been a sensible woman or at least her parents must have been sensible parents. I only knew her through a faded photograph which cost you a week's wages at the cotton-mill in Madras (the place-, incidentally, where you got your touch of T.B.). The picture was so faded that all you could see were some flashing teeth and the dark outlines of a saree. You used to point at where her head was dimly visible, and told me that there was Gold Mohur in her hair and that around her neck was a garland of thickly clustered marigolds. You couldn't afford even the cheapest of gold necklaces which is the sign of the married Hindu woman, but you were going to save most of nine months' wages and buy one in the autumn.

Yes—you were a good Hindu, Sammy, even though you had a passion for tinned sardines and accepted two ounces of toddy on Deepavali. In your shirt-pocket you carried coloured post-cards with pictures of Lord Shiva and Parvati, and deep in your box, hidden beneath tins of boot-polish, rags, brushes and button-sticks, you kept a small silver amulet of the elephant god, Ganesa, carefully wrapped in a piece of banana leaf. Do you remember the summer nights when it was too hot to sleep, too hot even for the crickets to start that song which makes a tropical night sound like the turbo-generator room of a power station? Do you remember how you used to squat on the bamboo matting, I in the wicker chair (also pinched from the officers' mess) and, chain-smoking beedis, you told me for the first time about Rama and Sri Krishna and the Gopis and the Mahabarata wars until the lamp-glass was black with soot?

And being a good Hindu you must have been overjoyed when your wife told you about the baby that was to come. Of course it would be a boy. You must have been very happy then, for you and Sarojini (that was her name, wasn't it?) were working at the same automatic loom, and when the overseer wasn't looking you would throw her a piece of betel, which was strictly forbidden, since red betel juice might stain the white fabric—and she, for a fraction of a second, would join her hands in obeisance and flash those teeth at you through the mist of suspended cotton dust. I can imagine it all.

You had just about saved up enough to buy the gold necklace—the flimsiest the bazaar could offer, but it was a gold necklace. When her time came she had the baby during the tiffin-hour in the factory yard under the big pump, a few women gathering round to help her, one or two looking up from their brass bowl or plantain leaf heaped with rice, but most of them taking no notice. When the bell rang for the afternoon shift she appeared once more at the automatic loom, placing the bundle containing your baby daughter next to the tiffin-carrier under the machine. She had missed her lunch.

Sarojini died two days later, and you spent the money you had saved for her necklace on her funeral. As likely as not she died of puerperal fever, which means that, had she gone to the big hospital and stayed there for a few days, she would have been alive to-day. But then staying away from work meant the sack, as you knew very well, and the hospital was full up, anyway. When you told me about all this it didn't come as a surprise, for we have books we call statistics (the Munshi may know them), and there it says that her chances of survival were only four in five—which isn't too good.

However, carrying the baby you went to the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor, ten miles down the coast, and demanded to see the Mother Superior.

"I will pay you five rupees a month if you look after my baby," you told her. The old woman looked at the bundle in your arms and the three marks of Shiva on your forehead.

"You are a Hindu," she said slowly.

"She is a one-day-old baby whose mother died yesterday," you replied. "Her name is Leela."

"She would have to be baptised and her name would be Maria Anasthasia, and she would be cared for in the name of the Son of God," said the Mother Superior.

"Do as you wish, call her what you like, spray holy water on her, but give her milk and later rice and wash her little limbs. I shall come and look at her whenever I can," and under your breath I can hear you mutter "Maria Anasthasia, indeed!" Still, as God had no son, anyway it could do no harm if the baby was raised in His name.

The day's absence from the mill cost you your job, and for weeks you limped about the town vainly asking for work. You slept in abandoned fishing smacks drawn up on the sands. Then one day you jumped the buffers of a west-bound train, and that was how you came to the camp.

I remember how you first stood before me, your dhoti wrapped round your thin, bent thighs and all your possessions except Leela in a bulging shirt pocket. I had just moved from a dust-encrusted tent into the comparative luxury of a bamboo "basha" (with verandah and view of the village). The little room was quite unfurnished. Within a few hours you had provided tins in which to stand the legs of the charpoy—to keep the ants off—stretched wires to string up the mosquito-net, acquired some earthenware chattis to keep the drinking-water cool, and made friends with the village dhobi. Then came the one and only bath, hurricane lamp, wicker chair and table. Later still we had straw mats, a Tamil calendar, several Hindu bronzes, a Congress flag, a bookshelf and the place began to take shape. Then I discovered that you could actually mend socks without sewing up the edges of the hole and fold a mosquito net to the size of a haversack. For all that and more I paid you two rupees a week. Sometimes I would bring a cheese sandwich from the mess, and when my bush shirts began to fray at the neck they were turned over to you.

One afternoon you came to me with a telegram in your hand which was addressed to you but which you couldn't read. I glanced at it and it read "Maria dangerously ill." The look on my face must have told you enough. It was a Thursday—one day before pay-day—and I just about managed to scrape together enough for your train fare.

You stayed away for two days—one to find your baby daughter dead—pneumonia, so the Mother Superior told you, and one to ensure that the body was taken to the burning ghats by the river according to the Hindu manner. At first the nuns had insisted on Christian burial, but without a further word you picked up the little bundle and left the women agitatedly fingering their rosaries. Then you made straight for the river. In the evening you returned to the camp.

After that, although you polished my shoes as well as ever and scrubbed my belt and never forgot to hang the blankets in the sun, your limp got worse and there was a dull look of despair in your eyes. You knew then it was all over. And accordingly you gave up all hope. It amuses me sometimes, Sammy, to listen to preachers in the West talking about Hope. They tell you that, however bad things may turn out you must never lose Hope. Funny, isn't it? But then in the West nobody ever is in a really hopeless position. There's nobody who can say with certainty that within six months from now his body will be pounced upon by kite-hawks. You can. You know now that you will die of hunger. You know it as well as you knew that shortly I was to leave India to go home and be demobilised—even though I never told you. And I—I know because I have seen.

Now you are without a job, and you say that there is no rice, and when there is any it is 8 annas a meal. You say you haven't eaten for three days. You say you will not beg.

I am enclosing some money. Most probably it will arrive too late. In any case it will only keep you from starvation for a month at most. If you are lucky, Sammy, you will die. Possibly you are dead already—now as I am writing this letter. Possibly you are coughing your last feeble coughs searching for scraps of food among the garbage cans of the Tipperary Hotel, while dance music drifts across from the floodlit terrace.

Namaskaram, then!

YOUR (former) MASTER

TO A SPANISH POET

WAS it *a las cinco, a las cinco de la tarde*, five by
all clocks of all afternoons,
When the gun-butts made on the door's panel
The noise of the bull's horn pestering the palisade? No magnolias, no arabesques, no moons
In those hearts of hot dust, minds of red flannel!

Was it on the banks of the garnet-bearded
Guadalquivir that the death voices sounded,
So sharp, so black of Andalucía, so shameless?
Who was it sent you on a longer than the Córdoba
road, by wind and plain and towers bounded?
Quiet: let them be blameless; fameless; nameless.

And you, Garcia Lorca, you conducted yourself
as a right and proper gipsy, knowing
You were not for Córdoba that platinum night
The trollop Envy hated in you what she ignored
in others, showing
That the carnation-voiced Camborios are
condemned and right.

Now, all we can do with the millions that since
have died, since have died,
Is to wave as to the massive flutter
The gale wrenches from the beech, just wave
with love, for despair has stoned us;
There will they lie, in the world's gutter.

There will they lie, not forgotten, but in the jelly
of anonymity,
There they will lie. But for us who continue
They will possess the most grandiloquent of
standards, your torn *muleta*,
The provocation that flame-rosed in you.

Silken-hearted unawareness, Lorca of the gipsies,
you did not linger;
No time for "they know not what they do."
Rendezvous with the heart of a child, the wooden
sword, and Señor Christ, abounding
In feather caps that are always new.

Wave to us, you, Federico, from beyond the cream
oceans of skeletons,
The pink quartz tears of mountain ranges!
Only thus, since the poet's murder yells louder to
heaven than forty sirens,
Can we turn chests to these dark changes.

DERWENT

The Arts and Entertainment

THE MOVIES

"Les Enfants du Paradis," at the Rialto

It is so tiny a world, that of films—so exiguous in its products—that one rarely gets what might be called reviewer's luck. The three films I have seen this week hang together even less than usual. Honourably but sentimentally, in *Sister Renny*, Miss Rosalind Russell fights a battle for the cure of infantile paralysis, while at the London Pavilion another Miss Russell—Jane of the posters—defeats four years of censorship. She may be—in the relenting judge's words—"as God made her"; but palpably the film is from a lesser hand. So *Les Enfants du Paradis* emerges alone. The piece I should have liked to compare it with, knowing in advance nothing of its quality, will not reach the screen for another fortnight. Between Mr. David Lean's *Great Expectations* and Carné's remarkable excursion to the Paris of the 'Forties those might have been points in common or contrast.

"Dickensian" was one word among several that began circling nebulously in my head during the last half-hour of *Les Enfants du Paradis* (though it's a long piece—nearly three hours—this final inattentiveness was due, I think, to the film's relaxation rather than mine.) Dickensian in breadth, in vitality, in its grasp of theatricality and the crowd: so far, only, the ephithet would apply. Yet that launches us a good way. Remember the London of *Barnaby Rudge, Our Mutual Friend;* and Dickens himself, haunted always by the past, tearing through streets on his feverish three-hour walks. Such an introduction to the boulevards of a hundred years ago *Les Enfants du Paradis* wonderfully achieves. The crowd! Here it is, stirred and simmering, goggling, overflowing, entertaining, being entertained. Almost any figure of the time—such is our instantaneous belief—might detach itself, caught in the sunshine of Romanticism, to make our story. The attention fixes upon the busker outside one of the many boulevard theatres; an episode of watch-lifting in the mob is taken up in sad Chaplinesque miming on the outside stage, and we follow in. The show, the actors, the groundlings and gods—*les enfants du Paradis*—for several hours, in which many characters come and go and a plot generously interweaves, we shall not lose touch with them. The experience is heart-lifting. Nor is that contact with the rough-and-tumble and the spectacle the only achievement of this fine piece.

Paris has never wavered in its sense of history, of popular tradition. The Germans, during the recent Occupation, must have felt it enormously at times; certainly the Parisian, climbing an alley in Montmartre or idling in the dark shades of the Isle de la Cité, shouldered this continuity with a new energy of feeling. That energy is communicated by *Les Enfants du Paradis*: to describe this film as "escapist," as does one reviewer, is to make nonsense of our total response to living, which does not perhaps finally express itself in cutting a coupon from a book or looking at the latest Gallup poll. Carné has made the past so alive that even an onlooker with no previous attachments must feel himself implicated.

The story, the half-dozen chief characters—two famous actors (a mime, and the first French Othello), a tart, a dandy, a beggar, and a murderous exponent of the nihilist literary talent—engage us with themselves almost as strongly as the passing years. Almost. Acting of a magnificent order, especially from Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty and Pierre Brasseur, ensure that; while the scenario and dialogue of Jacques Prévert have a restless poetic brilliance matched on the talkie screen only by Cocteau. (A genius of a very different order.) Yet the story does not quite hold out, the attention at last flickers. Why? Because the film has had to be cut even to its present length? Because so lengthy a piece, in this medium of quick change and first impression, is a contradiction in terms? The people of the story grow older, wiser, and less entrancing: that, however, is in the nature of things and should deepen rather than take away from our interest. But there it is. Almost, oh almost, the best film one has ever seen!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

ROUND THE EXHIBITIONS

Few young painters can boast of so meteoric a career as Mr. Geoffrey Tibble. From the hovel of almost complete obscurity, he has leapt within a fortnight into the palace of fame. Within a few days of the opening of his one-man show at Tooth's, almost all his pictures were sold, some to important public collections in the provinces; and he has received the blessing of an enthusiastic critic over the sharp, bracing air of the "Third Programme." No one who has ever thought about modern painting can deny that Tibble is an artist with sensibility and taste. But it may be pertinent to inquire, before his exhibition closes, whether he has the right to be judged by the highest standards, or whether he is a squatter in the palace which he now inhabits.

Nearly all Tibble's pictures represent buxom women going about their necessary business, putting the baby to bed, dressing and undressing, emptying the slop pail. They wear puffy sleeves and their hair is surmounted by the fashionable Edwardian bun, a style of coiffure which Bonnard and Degas also found pictorial. Picture after picture proclaims a busy, well-organised household, resigned to middle-age, settling down to the monotonous daily round, without servants or passion. If there is a certain lack of variety in Tibble's choice of subject, this is because he attaches no importance to it, beyond an excuse for laying on paint prettily; and there is no doubt that the striped wallpaper, the upholstery, the curtains are admirably adapted to pretty combinations of colour and to satisfying designs. Tibble has exploited to the full his charming talent for pattern-making, but in his very concentration on technique and

FROM EAST AFRICA

"I smoke far more
JOHN SINCLAIR'S
Barneys
than is good for me!"
Barneys (medium), Punchbowle (full),
Parsons Pleasure (mild), 1oz. 2/10½d.

MECHANIZED PRODUCTION

For more than one hundred and fifty years we have been supplying good clocks and watches and for generations we made them, one at a time, by hand.

Nowadays science has mechanized production and expert knowledge is essential in differentiating class production from mass production.

When you want a clock or watch consult Camerer Cuss and get a good one.

CAMERER CUSS
Clocks Watches Jewellery
NEW OXFORD STREET · LONDON · W.C.1

FLY
IN BRITAIN'S
NEW VIKINGS

fitted with the famous GEE radar equipment which ensures complete and accurate navigation in the air. Now in regular service between London and Amsterdam, Bordeaux, Copenhagen, Gibraltar, Gothenburg, Lisbon, Madrid, Oslo, Prague, Stavanger, and Stockholm. Soon there will be B.E.A. Viking routes to Ankara, Athens, Berlin, Brussels, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Helsinki, Istanbul, Marseilles, Paris, Rome and Vienna

BEA
THE KEY TO EUROPE

British European Airways Headquarters Northolt Middlesex Reservations and enquiries through all principal travel agents and at Airways Terminal SW1 Telephone: VICtoria 2323

The Westminster Bank

is represented by an extensive system of branch offices in England and Wales with agents elsewhere, and is amply equipped to conduct your private and commercial banking business. The Manager of any branch will gladly give an interview to discuss or explain any point which will help a client, or prospective client, to a full use of the services available to the Bank's customers.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury
London, E.C.2

design at the expense of subject, he betrays his shortcomings. It is difficult to see how a painter can ever raise himself high above the common run, unless he succeeds in communicating an affectionate regard for the subject he has chosen, however trivial the subject may be, and however drastic the changes it may undergo between its life on earth and its reincarnation on the canvas. Cézanne was in love with a coffee pot, Picasso with the overlapping quadrilaterals who sat to him; and the devotion which the Great Masters lavished on their sitters is what remains in the mind when their beautiful brush strokes have been forgotten. Tibble allows himself at times to be led astray by cleverness, and I suspect that the angular outlines of some of his figures are due, not to careful deliberation, but to impatience, or to indecision. All the same, I am not trying to turn Tibble out of his palace: I still think that he may move in there permanently, given a few more years. A one-man show is a severe test for the most accomplished painter: his tricks of style are obvious to the casual visitor, his successes lurk diffidently in a corner. The catalogue informs us that all but three of these pictures were painted within the last twenty-two months. This represents an output of something approaching one picture a month, which must partly account for the mechanical reiteration of the same theme. If a man paints four good pictures a year he can count himself lucky; and it is only fair to single out the best of what remains from this short phase of Tibble's development as an artist. How admirable, for instance, is No. 3 in the catalogue entitled "The Studio," where the eye is coaxed back into the room towards a bed in the right-hand corner which is a triumph of subtle observation and only goes to show that Tibble's days of apprenticeship in the Euston Road were not entirely wasted.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

FIRST AND LAST NIGHTS OF BALLET

Mardi Gras, Andrée Howard's new ballet at Sadler's Wells, is another *Fête Etrange;* but this time the scenario is by Hugh Stevenson, who also designed the decor, costumes and masks, which are most effective, if at times agreeably reminiscent. A great variety of fantastic incident is hung on the very slender plot of a young girl who "finds her way at midnight to the cathedral square—and becomes involved in strange events which reflect the pattern of her life to its inevitable end." The pattern includes a terrifying encounter with a negro pugilist who, in an exciting fight, knocks out the young man whom the girl loves, but who has already betrayed her, with a circus dancer, got up like the doll in Petrouchka. A charming episode is a quartette between the young girl and three ballet dancers, and a *pas de deux*, curious and intriguing, with a rather sinister unnamed reveller of ambiguous sex, dressed in a kind of black lace pyjama. A Black Mass and a vision of her double in a coffin are among her "horrors." Here an opportunity was missed for an effective ending by the resurrection of the dream-corpse and a macabre dance of the two identities, which would either have waked the young girl or killed her. Though not the most moving, this "Virgin's Nightmare" is perhaps the most accomplished of Andrée Howard's choreographies. The monolineal role of the young girl is admirably framed by the soulless kaleidoscope of carnival, whose glassy fragments slash her soul. Salzedo's music also seemed well suited to the phantasmagoria. Anne Heaton, Donald Britton, Leo Kersley and John Cranko distinguished themselves particularly, but the whole cast danced extremely well.

I saw *Khadra*, Celia Franca's first ballet, for the first time. The staging and costumes of this Persian fantasy are a delight to the eye (not, however, the colour of the backcloth) and the choreography is most ingenious and delicate, beautifully composed and executed. Delius's *Belshazzar's Feast* forms an enchanting musical background.

The Ballet Rambert season at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, which ended on Saturday, has been distinguished by a production of *Giselle* which, if it had been performed by a foreign company, would have packed the theatre every night. The brilliance and poetry of Sally Gilmour and Walter Gore's rendering of the parts of Giselle and Albrecht have no rival on our ballet stage at the moment. Joyce Graeme is also remarkable as the Queen of the Wilis. But the revelation which this *Giselle* is, from beginning to end, with every part intelligently cast and vitally interpreted and every ensemble *alive*, we owe to Madame Rambert, who has achieved a masterpiece of imaginative production.

Walter Gore's *Concerto Burlesco*, on Bartok's *Microcosmus*, has now emerged from the chrysalis as a brilliant little butterfly with scintillating wings. When the Ballet Rambert returns it should not be missed; nor should *Façade*, in its original version, admirably danced, and with all the bloom of Ashton's original conception fresh upon it.

BERYL DE ZOETE.

THIS ENGLAND
1940 — 1946
Just out
2s.
By post 2s. 3d. to any address
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

LANCASHIRE SPIRITUAL

COTTON mighty troubled, cotton mighty 'fraid,
Cotton cried for mussy to de Board of Trade,
Spinners done been sinners, bosses, all been scared,
Cotton done repented, so cotton am spared,
Praise de Lawd!

Praise de Lawd!
See dat Workin' Party comin',
Heah dem cotton mills a-hummin',
Watch dem happy chillun sign up,
See dem foreign buyers line up,
See, dem cotton shares a-gwine up,
Praise de Lawd!

State got transport, State got coal,
Cotton am delivered from State Control,
Heah thanksgivin' on de bosses lips,
Coal got bondage but cotton got Cripps,
Praise de Lawd!

Praise de Lawd!
All yo' chillun cotton spinnin',
Cotton trade am done with sinnin',
See dat Workin' Party playin',
Trains gone wrong and coal gone strayin',
But de cotton boss am prayin',
Praise de Lawd!

Cotton hearkened when Cripps have preached,
Coal is black but cotton am bleached,
All dem Railways misbehaved,
Dey been taken but cotton am saved,
Praise de Lawd!

Praise de Lawd!
Heah dem singin' "Come up cotton."
Sins forgiven an' forgotten,
All dem spinners mighty shaken,
Coal been taken, transport taken,
We got Cripps but dey got Satan,
Praise de Lawd!

SAGITTARIUS

Glad Tidings

Swan Pens for Christmas

A certain number of pens will be available in the shops for Christmas giving; side lever and modern leverless pens from 21/- to 50/- Purchase Tax extra.

MABIE, TODD & CO. LTD.
41 PARK STREET, LONDON, W.1

'Proper Treatment' of Pain

¶ *"Treatment is easy, thought is hard, but treatment after-thought is proper and profitable"* was one of the precepts of Hippocrates, the Greek "Father of Medicine" who lived about 400 B.C.

¶ 'Cogene' is a 'treatment' for the relief of headaches, rheumatism and all other nerve pains. It is an easy treatment—one tablet taken in a little water—but it can claim to be a "proper and profitable" one, since it will quickly 'reach' the most harassing nerve pain, and yet leave no harmful after-effects.

¶ But never forget that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, only your doctor or dentist can remove the cause of the pain. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

COGENE
Regd: Trade Mark — Brand Tablets
A 'Genatosan' Product

Smoke
Wavy Navy

Pure
Navy Cut
Pre-War quality

2 OZ. AIRTIGHT TIN 5'9
1 OZ. FOILED PACKET 2'10½
Also ready rubbed

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS AND GUARANTORS

Cargoes of presents for particular people at

HEAL'S

May we send you our Christmas Catalogue?

196 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, W.1

Correspondence

DIVORCE REFORM

SIR,—The Government's decision to appoint County Court judges to try divorce cases as Commissioners of the High Court is to be welcomed, and we hope that they will not lose time in carrying out the procedural reforms suggested by the Denning Committee, since these will reduce costs by some £15 to £20.

The Marriage Law Reform Committee, has, however, been formed to urge that these reforms are not enough. The cost and delay will still send parties to magistrates for separations and this will continue until all cases are transferred to the County Courts. The grounds for divorce also need extending.

There can be no divorce for the thousands of couples who have drifted apart or who are separated by agreement unless one of them commits adultery. A vengeful or prejudiced spouse can give his or her partner the choice of life-long celibacy or a non-marital union. We suggest that after a separation of, say, two years a Court should be able to grant a divorce on the application of either party if satisfied that it is in the public interest.

Other necessary changes will occur to everyone. The abolition of the King's Proctor with his duties of investigating a petitioner's conduct; the laws about collusion and disclosure of a petitioner's conduct. These and other changes in the substantive law need investigation by a Government Enquiry similar to the Royal Commission on Divorce of 1912. The reforms it recommended were not achieved until A. P. Herbert's great Act of 1937. We are confident, however, that we shall secure enough public support to get a new law within the next five years. We shall be glad to hear from any of your readers who will help us.

ROBERT S. W. POLLARD, Chairman.
C. P. SKILTON, Secretary.
Marriage Law Reform Committee.

THE B.M.A. BALLOT

SIR,—Your timely comment on the ballot now being held by the British Medical Association prompts me to put in a word on behalf of the general practitioner, who seems to run a serious risk of being identified with "Doctors,"—who in turn tend to be identified with the B.M.A. It is indeed hard to imagine whom the Association are purporting to represent in their present campaign against the Health Bill.

If I may append the hopes and fears of at least two country practitioners, very nearly the worst that could befall in medical administration would be a perpetuation of the *status quo*; and what we most fervently long to do away with is the "private patient." The National Health Insurance Scheme, defective as it is, affords the only relief from the intolerable system of forging a livelihood out of other people's misfortunes by hammering away at them with quarterly private accounts. So far from constituting the "sacredness" of the relationship between patient and doctor, it is the bane of one's professional life and the one distasteful element in an otherwise wholly satisfactory relationship.

The much-disputed freedom of doctors to dispose of their practices as they will would present an arguable case only if it were generally accepted that the freedom of one doctor ranks very much higher than the freedom of several thousand patients: it is they who will have to put up with the freely chosen successor. This point is somehow by-passed by the people who raise their voices in horror at the possibility of a less free choice of doctor than the public enjoy at present. In point of fact, the choice is of necessity a forced one in scattered rural districts, and the patients do not seem to resent it; but the buying and selling of practices subjects them to a forced change of doctor, and that is a contingency which sick people view with real horror.

The only freedom which there is a great need of is the freedom of the doctor to devote him or herself to medicine, preferably preventive medicine, without wasting time, energy and anxiety on finance. The Government ought to be in a uniquely favourable position to confer this supreme blessing on the profession, and whether remuneration is on a salary basis or by capitation fee does not really matter so much, as long as remuneration is adequate. By this I mean that a doctor ought to be financially secure enough to snap his fingers at the private patient and his fee.

The fuss and the heated words on the subject of hospital administration are frankly unintelligible; neither heat nor words seem to be indicated where a question can be settled by experiment. To those who were in a position to avail themselves of E.M.S. Hospitals during the war (in the absence of the expected influx of war casualties, beds were put at the disposal of civilian patients), the experiment has settled the question already, and the result is overwhelmingly in favour of State-administered institutions. There is no need for doctors to say anything: the patients bear abundant and enthusiastic testimony to the superiority of the State-run E.M.S. Hospital. When one considers that such places were run by competent medical enthusiasts, instead of Lay Committees, the patients' verdict is hardly surprising.

Surrey. COUNTRY PRACTITIONER

OCCUPATION OF JAPAN

SIR,—I was glad to see in your issue of November 23rd a reference to the "exclusive prerogative of General MacArthur." That the British troops partaking in the occupation have no voice in the government or reorganisation of Japan is true—as far as it goes. I do not think it is generally known, for example, that the British Forces in Japan have to obtain permission from the American authorities even to construct any building—the need for which construction will be clearly seen when it is considered that in the British area (about the size of Wales) there is but one building, Etazima Naval Academy, now H.Q., which can be considered as such by Westerners. For the rest there is nothing but Japanese wooden houses and debris.

It is an amazement that the British and Dominion Governments should be willing to take one of the most unpleasant areas of Japan (I speak from the viewpoint of amenities for the occupying troops) off the hands of the Americans. For they are in a strong position to insist on a greater share in the government of Japan, as well as to demand that the towns of Osaka and Kobe be included in the British area. Their position is strong because the Americans are short of troops to occupy Japan, and the demand for more rapid demobilisation is ever growing stronger. A withdrawal of Commonwealth troops, therefore, would cause them considerable embarrassment.

IAN G. RICHARDSON

ROCKET RANGE IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—An outstanding reaction to the proposal for constructing a rocket range in the "dead heart" of Australia is the spate of protests which it has called forth throughout the Commonwealth. These protests have originated largely from missionary and various religious bodies, who see threatened the aborigines in whom they have a vested interest. There is, however, one group of opinion which, to date, has been less vocal: this is the anthropologists.

It is quite safe to say that anthropological opinion in Australia, however much it may be torn asunder on academic issues, is of one accord when it is stated categorically that the Central Australian rocket range will be a major calamity for the aborigines. There must be some heartsearching amongst the anthropologists and "advisers" on native affairs employed by the Commonwealth. But no doubt, as in the past, expert advice will be made to conform with policy.

Provided the warheads of the rockets are not atomic—which contingency is by no means certain—the immediate physical damage likely to be caused by the dropping of a few tons of high explosive among it

Pure Water is Essential . . .

STILL MALVERN WATER, the purest known water, can still be supplied without restriction of area throughout Great Britain. Singularly free from mineral salts and solids, which may be harmful to the system, it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

STILL MALVERN WATER can be obtained in sealed bottles (Extra Large) from any Grocer, Chemist or Wine Merchant.

ST. ANNE'S WELL MALVERN — COLWALL SPRINGS MALVERN

Free Yourself TONIGHT! *from Colds 'Flu & Rheumatic Pain*

You can — by taking 'ASPRO' at first sign of a cold or 'flu attack—sneezing, aching head or limbs or feverishness. **Two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink on retiring are quickly followed by sound, restful sleep.** —a mild perspiration is promoted—the temperature is lowered and **you awake fit in the morning.** The safe, soothing action of 'ASPRO' in dispelling twinges of rheumatic pain, gout, neuralgia, etc., has to be experienced to be believed.

'ASPRO' SAVES TIME, MONEY AND LYING UP

ASPRO Made in England by ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.

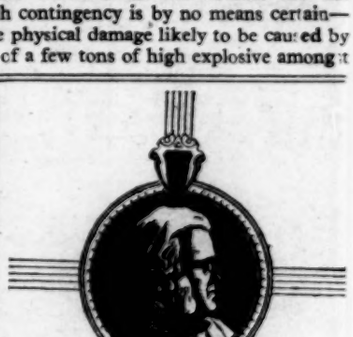
PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Xmas 1946

This Christmastide please think of the patients in The Royal Cancer Hospital, visited with a malignant disease that is among the most dreaded enemies of mankind, and send a gift, as much as you can afford, to The Secretary.

The Royal Cancer Hospital

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3



"There's no sweeter tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the 'Three Castles'"
W. M. Thackeray—"The Virginians"

WILLS'S "THREE CASTLES" CIGARETTES

IT216Y 20 for 2/8

one to two thousand aborigines scattered over a desert area approaching the size of Wales, will be insignificant. On the other hand, if atomic warheads are used, casualties are likely to occur.

Two alternatives are open to the Government if it decides to proceed with the proposal — the Sydney *Sun* has already stated cynically enough "There is every indication . . . that the Central Australian rocket range will be built despite protests" (20.10.46)— either to leave the aborigines where they are or to move them from their present hunting grounds to adjacent areas. If the first alternative is adopted the aborigines will be exposed not only to the doubtful danger of the rockets themselves but also to what must be, of necessity in the circumstances, the degrading influence of culture contact at the observation posts along the rocket range. The human flotsam found along the Trans-Australian railway is the result of a similar process. Here the aborigines from hundreds of miles to the North and from the Australian Bight in the South congregate along the line begging alms from the train passengers. It is doubtful if the depths of human degradation to which these wretched aborigines have sunk have been plumbed anywhere else in the world. It is unfortunate for the self-righteousness of the Australian State and Commonwealth Governments—always very sensitive to outside opinion—that these aborigines on the Trans-Continental line are often the first and only contacts which overseas visitors make with the original inhabitants of this continent.

If the second alternative is adopted, we are going to witness a sordid repetition of Governor Arthur's notorious great "Black Drive" of 1830 when an attempt was made to herd the aborigines of Tasmania into a small area of that State. The ignominious result of that drive was to net one old woman and a young boy. If the same tactics are adopted, the results will be the same; but probably tobacco, treacle, tea and flour will provide sufficient inducement to draw the aborigines temporarily away from their hunting grounds. But it is just as certain that the aborigines' totemic and psychological ties with their country will bring them back into the rocket range area. Thus the unhappy sea-saw will continue—the white man's "tucker" in the balance against the natives' love of country. The result will be complete disruption of tribal life and the decimation of the aboriginal communities.

Not that the result is inevitable, for with an enlightened policy and, most important, adequate finance, the aborigines, whose intellect is potentially in no way inferior to our own, could be assisted to take an equal place beside us White Australians. But while the Commonwealth spends the "magnificent" sum of £23,398 per annum out of Consolidated Revenue on the 14,488 natives in its care for *all* services and administration there is little chance of curing the diseases rampant amongst them, let alone provide them with an appropriate education which is the first pre-requisite for economic, social and political equality with the white man. For comparison it is sufficient to add that just under £3 per head is spent on health and education services *alone* for the White population of Australia.

These figures are commentary enough on the Australian Labour Government's loud championing of the small nations at international conferences through its mouthpiece Dr. Evatt, while cynically neglecting the small coloured minority at home and hypocritically proclaiming its new deal for the aborigines.

KUBBERUNNEE

Melbourne.

PARTITION OF PALESTINE

SIR,—Mr. Stone's reply to my letter on the partition of Palestine is neither temperately nor clearly expressed, but so far as I can understand its line of thought it contains a number of false and misleading statements:

1. Mr. Stone accuses the Arab politicians of extremism and unwillingness to compromise. He should study the Arab counter-proposals put forward at the recent Conference in London, which have been criticised by a large section of Arab opinion precisely for being too much of a compromise. He should reflect also on the meaning and justification of compromise. Is it right and reasonable to give up a reality for a shadow? Is it sensible to make concessions which will strengthen one's antagonist without satisfying him? Is an agreed solution necessarily a just one, and do truth and justice always lie half-way between the claims of conflicting parties?

2. He asserts that the Arabs would only resist partition effectively if they believed that the British Government was with them, and he claims that the Government was with them in 1929 and to a lesser degree in 1936. This is a libel on his own Government, and is an example of the same fallacy as that of which Mr. Crossman is guilty, the fallacy of trying to solve the problem of Arab opposition to Zionism by pretending that it does not really exist. I must repeat what I said in my first letter, that all competent observers are aware of the strength of Arab opposition to any scheme involving the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine.

3. As for what Mr. Stone says about the Arab Revolt of 1936–9, it is merely the well-worn stock-in-trade of Zionist propaganda. No doubt in that revolt, as in all similar movements, very regrettable incidents took place and personal motives were intermingled with patriotism. Nevertheless the revolt was in essence a movement based upon principle and national loyalty and was much more formidable than Mr. Stone pretends.

A. H. HOURANI

The Arab Office,
92 Eaton Place, London, S.W.1.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY IN IRELAND

SIR,—Unless it be a desire to be captious at all costs, I find it difficult to see R. M. Fox's purport, since his article does seem definitely misleading.

It would seem that the conflict between "English" (*i.e.*, I.T.U.C.) and "Irish" (*i.e.*, C.I.U.) unions is much more than a smoke screen. This conflict has persisted for years to every one's disadvantage, and has led to numerous inter-union disputes which have led to strikes not primarily against the bosses. In part (as in some other countries) a conflict of personalities, and in fact bound up with problems of Partition and migration, there is apparently a hard core of conflict.

The "English" unions are in emergency immensely stronger and wealthier. They have the immense funds of the British T.U. movement. But, of course, final control rests where the money is: ultimate authority for an action involving strike pay cannot but rest in Britain. Cases are possible where action might not be authorised either for British financial reasons, or for some entirely inter-national reason. In view of the large self-government enjoyed by I.T.U.C unions such cases may never arise. But many constitutional safeguards appear in normal times to be unnecessary.

The "Irish" Unions, on the other hand, can arrive at final decisions without going abroad. But they are vastly poorer and thereby their strength in the event of a prolonged stoppage is vastly smaller.

I believe it is agreed by every one that, if agreement were arrived at between these rival groups, it would benefit everyone. Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce, has himself tried personally to bring the two groups together without success, so far. This division is more than a smokescreen, and it is terribly easy for an outsider to remember that 1916 is not so very long ago.

The recency of 1916 is one of the reasons why the Government is more sympathetic to the C.I.U., even though their claims tend to be steeper than those of the I.T.U.C. unions. It does, however, seem fair to say that the *first* desire of Government and even of industrialists is to solve inter-union strife and reduce unnecessary stoppages.

Mr. Fox seems also to have misrepresented the new

RHEUMATISM

Rheumatism—however mild your symptoms—exacts a merciless toll in pain and expense if not checked in time. Poisons and impurities in your system are often the cause of rheumatic disorders. To get rid of these poisons, doctors recommend the drinking of mineral spa waters. But a visit to a spa involves time and expense that many people simply cannot afford these days.

'Alkia' Saltrates may be described as a spa treatment *in your own home*. It contains the medicinal qualities of *seven* world-famous springs and has the same beneficial effect on the system at a fraction of the cost and without the inconvenience of travelling to an actual spa. A teaspoonful of 'Alkia' Saltrates in warm water before breakfast each morning soon relieves pain. Taken regularly, this pleasant effervescent drink *dissolves impurities* in the blood-stream and eliminates them from the system, thus helping to prevent recurring attacks of rheumatism.

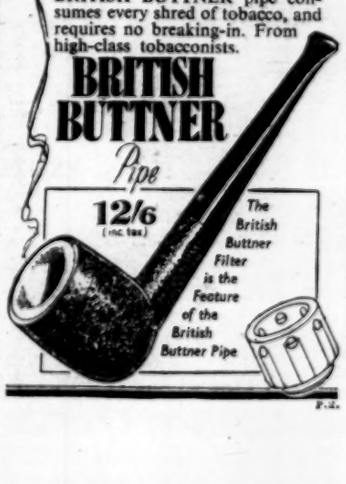
A bottle of 'Alkia' Saltrates costs 3/9 (inc. purchase tax). Get one from your chemist to-day and begin your spa treatment to-morrow morning.

A Healthier Smoke— at a Lower Cost

Because the BRITISH BUTTNER filter absorbs nicotine and other impurities, every pipeful is cool, clean, dry and fragrant. The BRITISH BUTTNER pipe consumes every shred of tobacco, and requires no breaking-in. From high-class tobacconists.

BRITISH BUTTNER Pipe

12/6 (inc. tax)



F.2.

MORE THAN A BANDAGE—

because Prestoband *sticks to itself*. No knots, no pins—you just roll it on, cut off and press down the end.

—NOT A PLASTER

because *it does not stick to the skin*. Sold by all chemists, in 3 widths:— ½" wide 5d., 1" wide 6d., 2" wide 1/-. All 4 yards long.

PRESTOBAND

THE ANTISEPTIC SELF-ADHESIVE BANDAGE

A product of Vernon & Co. Ltd., Preston. Sole Distributors: Fassett & Johnson Ltd. Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

Back ache

For quick relief try Phensic

More often than not an attack of lumbago will start suddenly—and sharply, but the worst lumbago can be relieved in around half an hour with Phensic. No harm to the heart! No upset to the stomach! In fact, you can relieve any kind of nerve or muscular pain with Phensic, quickly and safely. So why ever be without this grand tonic pain-killer? Get a supply today. Try Phensic NOW. Prices: 3½d, 1/4 & 3/3 including Purchase Tax. Obtainable everywhere.

Phensic

The grand tonic pain-relieving tablet!

Labour Court. The Industrial Relations Act (1946) which set it up was a semi-private, personal Bill (rather than a party-government Bill) sponsored by Lemass and drafted after consultation with both Congresses and both Labour Parties.

That neither unions *nor employers* (sic) have the right to legal representation is because it is an experiment in informal conciliatory judication, rather than full-dress legalism. It is true that unions *and employers* (sic) are liable to pay heavy damages if they repudiate the Court's decisions, but Mr. Fox does not mention that resort to the Court is voluntary. If both parties *choose* to take their dispute to the Court they must abide by its decisions. On the other hand, the only occasions upon which the Court may of itself step in to a dispute is in the case of lightning and unofficial strikes; then the Court may review the matter, but its decisions are purely advisory.

The Labour Court is frankly experimental: it is an attempt to prevent disputes and dislocation by settling on a voluntary basis such differences as can be solved by agreement. We have had our surfeit of unessential strikes and surely agreement where it can be reached is better than dislocation. As long as Labour's fair demands, whether against the private capitalist or the State capitalist, can be met practically and by agreement, strikes are regrettable—and sometimes seem to get blunted by too much use. It is not only the bosses who suffer if there are no buses, no gas, no light, no sugar and no schools.

Dublin. CHARLES ACTON

DRIP

SIR,—I would like to protest most strongly against the views expressed by Mr. J. R. Till in his review of Hannen Swaffer's "What Would Nelson Do?"

I believe Swaffer's book will do something to clear away the humbug about our Senior Service and to give a clearer picture of what really goes on behind the smokescreen of Navy Week inspections. In so doing it will perform a valuable service to those who remain, because the general public, I am convinced, still remain blissfully ignorant of the conditions under which lower-deck men exist both afloat and ashore. Mr. Till, it would appear, is anxious that they should remain ignorant.

What does he mean when, speaking of conditions, he says, "the Admiralty is not always to blame"? Who is then? The responsibility must inevitably rest with the governing authority in any organisation, more especially when that organisation is controlled by an autocratic body, and where the rating has the very minimum of opportunity to express his dissatisfaction with those conditions.

As I was not in Eden before the Fall, I am not, like Mr. Till, able to compare the Navy with such celestial surroundings, nevertheless without hesitation I say I would gladly prefer civilian life today with all its supposed restrictions and inconveniences to the abomination of a soul-destroying twelve-year term in the R.N. Apparently my views are shared by the vast majority of H.O.s in view of the "lamentable" failure of the recruitment campaign, and it would appear that Mr. Till himself finds this "sordidly self-seeking civilian world" more attractive than the one he so eagerly advocates.

Of course, this book lacks what he describes as "proportion"—it does not attempt an objective study of the good and bad sides of Navy life, but has as its purpose the ventilation of some of the worst inequalities of which the general public so seldom hear. The pity is that more voices have not been raised and that Mr. Swaffer's is a comparatively lone one. For this responsibility lies heavily with those H.O. ratings who, having left the Navy for good, have been inclined to turn their backs on it and to forget many of its unpleasantnesses. To us who have not allowed the cigar-smoke and the intoxicants of the ward-room to obscure our judgment, lies the duty of telling the story of conditions and of class distinction as they exist and as we saw them around us.

(Ex-H.O. Leading Writer). W. PARTRIDGE

WOWSERS

SIR,—In his article of this title Mr. Harrisson appears to equate the "right to be treated as adult" with the right to do as we like without reference to fixed standards "so long as we do not harm others." That Christians do not share his view of what constitutes adult behaviour is beside the point; but it is the contention of many Christians (which would probably be borne out by Mr. Harrisson's own findings if he were to do a little Mass-Observation on the subjects) that persons who promote and take part in certain kinds of gambling and certain kinds of film shows for children *are* "doing harm to others." And to sandwich these particular evils which members of the C. of E. have attacked between two purple passages in defence of the old-fashioned pub and the right to choose your own curtains (neither of which the Church has attacked) and then to accuse the Church of wowserism is surely a muddled and misleading arrangement of material.

I am not concerned to speak of Sunday games at the moment. Because of his hedonistic philosophy Mr. Harrisson would probably not find anything useful in what I had to say on the subject. But I had not expected him to line up with those elderly Tories who tell us that the Church ought to keep out of political and social questions—especially when he accuses the Church of England of being "responsible for the present mess." What mess is he referring to? The present deplorable condition of morals, personal and international? If so, many of us in the C. of E. are only too ready to admit our share of the blame (provided that the whole matter is not over-simplified as by Mr. Harrisson). But after all, is it realistic to think that the mess will be cleared up either if the Church affably descends to the crudities of modern behaviour or if it remains silent and aloof when the whole nation is in moral danger? And is Mr. Harrisson being altogether scientific when he bases his sweeping condemnation of the C. of E. on information he has picked up in the press? If he were to become a Christian, he might find the "constructive, satisfying positive alternatives" which he so much desires, and learn to correct his Tacitean misunderstanding of Christianity. ALFRED JOWETT

SIR,—I am both mildly and bitterly aware of the Queensland Licensing Laws. Mr. Thomas misses my points: (1) That in Queensland a pub is a pub, no one dare water it down or menu it up; (2) that Queenslanders fight off every Wowser encroachment and seek always to throw off existing needless controls—unlike us.

If Mr. Osborn and his colleagues on the New Towns Committee think compulsorily introducing other things into the pub will not affect its special social qualities, why not open and close with compulsory prayers? And have nightly spiritualist séances in the taproom? TOM HARRISSON

A PAINTED CAVE

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Raymond Mortimer's article on the Lascaux caves, and especially his description of the picture of the mysterious composite beast, part rhinoceros and part lion. It immediately called to my mind another composite animal, the Am-mitu or Eater of the Dead, which consumes the damned in the Papyrus of Ani. This animal has the hindquarters of a hippopotamus, the neck and forequarters of a lion and the head of a crocodile. Is the likeness between the two figures a coincidence, or is it an example of the fidelity with which, before the invention of writing, man handed down his beliefs and practices? It is a fascinating reflection that the Lascaux beast may have an Egyptian descendant some 30,000 years later.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

a new long circus novel

CONTINENTAL REVUE

By Winifred Bambrick

At rare intervals there appears a long novel—often by a new author and written out of experience, so packed with solid enjoyable reading that it satisfies all readers. This is such a book—a vividly colourful story introducing us to the amazingly varied community of a gigantic travelling circus and revue. 9s. 6d.

FABER AND FABER

THE BADGERS

A Novel

by

LEONID LEONOV

A novel of exceptional richness by a Russian writer of keen psychological insight and great intensity of feeling.

Now Ready 12/6

THE CAPTAIN

by

A. NOVIKOV-PRIBOI

An exciting story of life in the Russian Navy before the Revolution. Entertaining and absorbing reading.

Now Ready, 8/6

HUTCHINSON

INTERNATIONAL AUTHORS LTD.

JUST PUBLISHED

The Little Kingdom

A FIRST NOVEL BY

EMYR HUMPHREYS

9s. net

Little Reviews Anthology 1946

EDITED BY

DENYS VAL BAKER

9s. net

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

JUST PUBLISHED

Louisa Vandervoord

PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE

Set in America of the early 19th century this tale unfolds both within Time and outside it. Louisa is the daughter of the central figure in Miss Gaye's previous novel, *The French Prisoner*.

12s. 6d.

JONATHAN CAPE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is no longer the fashion to give children edifying books, but there is much to be said for handing them at a suitable age a Lives of the Scientists to take the place of the Lives of the Saints of a bygone age. Since historians, still pursuing the academic dispute between the humanities and science, preserve a conspiracy of silence against men like Kelvin, Clerk-Maxwell and Faraday, children should be told the story of the devotion and genius of those whose discoveries have so profoundly affected our social history. And, perhaps, in such a book the lives of William Buckland and his son Frank might find a place, if only to illustrate the peculiar delights which may be found in consecrating one's life wholeheartedly to discovery. The Rev. Dr. William Buckland cannot aspire to the eminence of the inventors of the Theories of Conservation of Energy or of Natural Selection, or even to that of his fellow geologists Lyell and Adam Sedgwick. He expired at the very time when the dazzling discoveries of Joule, Thomson and Pasteur were being brought to light. He was the first Professor of Geology at Oxford holding a chair specially created for him in 1819 by the Prince Regent. His lectures at the Ashmolean were crowded with dons as he poured forth a stream of fascinating hypotheses, the conclusions of his famous geological tours. We owe to him in great part the recognition of the action of glaciers on the earth's surface. To a historian he is of interest as one of the last serious geologists to attempt to reconcile his conclusions with the Book of Genesis, and his *Reliquiae Diluvianae* could be read by many theologians with relief since it assured them that the earth testified to the truth of the Flood. Nevertheless the orthodox were uneasy, and when in his *Bridgewater Treatise* Buckland explained that the six days of the Creation were in reality six ages, they fell about him. It is difficult to-day to conceive how men of high intelligence could cling so long to the literal infallibility of the Bible. It was of course, the corner-stone of revealed religion, the compendium of the only unassailable facts which God had vouchsafed to man; if this was open to doubt the whole structure of Evangelicalism was liable to collapse. But it is also true that academic interests were at stake since geology cut at the roots of a certain type of biblical exegesis. Pious calculations from Old Testament genealogies placed the year of Creation at 4004 B.C.; and to disprove Buckland's diluvial theories, the Rev. J. Mellor-Brown deduced from the height of the Himalayas that the waters of the Flood must have risen at the rate of thirty feet per hour. Dr. Pusey held that God placed fossils in rocks to test men's faith. Buckland survived the storm and was appointed Dean of Westminster, but the orthodox in the end were able to shake their heads knowingly, for in 1848 he was attacked by a strange cerebral illness. His fabulous energy and happy conversational powers departed, and he relapsed into a torpor for eight years, never reading a book but the *Leisure Hour* or the Bible.

His life was devoted to the pursuit of knowledge and the testing of his scientific hypotheses. "My dear," he said to his wife starting up from bed at two in the morning, "I believe that Cheirotherium's footsteps are undoubtedly testudinal." Without more ado they hurried downstairs and while his wife mixed the paste on the kitchen-table, he fetched the pet tortoise from the garden, and to their delight they saw that the impressions left by the tortoise's feet in the paste were almost identical with those of the fossil. He would dictate to his wife until the morning sun shone through the shutters. His family grew up in their home at Christ Church in a scientific atmosphere. Stuffed monsters glared in the hall; the sideboard was heaped with fossils and protected by a notice "Paws off" in large letters; toads were immured in pots and the very candlesticks were carved out of the bones of Saurians. A country clergyman excitedly brought the Professor some specimens for identification. "What are these, Frankie?" said Dr. Buckland to his four-year-old son. "They are the vertebwae of an ichthyosauwus," replied the child, and the parson retired to his parish meditating on the powers which the psalmist assures us are granted to babes and sucklings. Frank grew up a keen observer. "As a treat I was allowed to assist the cook cut off the turtle's head in the college kitchen," and he noted how the teeth nipped the kitchen boy's finger even after the head had been severed. Father and son conspired together to thwart the unprogressive members of the Senior Common Room. "The Dean has just gone out," Frank would announce. "Very well, my boy, let's get the turtle into Mercury," his father would reply, and the fountain would be graced by an animal instead of an undergraduate floundering in its waters. Small wonder that Dean Gaisford thanked God for the departure of the Bucklands for a holiday in Italy. "We shall hear no more of this geology," he prophesied.

The Dean was to be disillusioned, for in the course of time Frank came up as an undergraduate to the college. The principles of remorseless scientific experiment were embedded even more deeply in the son. At Winchester he had learnt to eat hedgehogs, to fry mice and dissect the eye of the Warden's mastiff. He collected the heads of cats and rats as other boys collect birds' eggs, and was heard to remark meditatively "What wouldn't I give for that fellow's skull," when a particularly dolichocephalic youth sauntered past. But it was at Oxford that he attained his full stature. Dressed in a blue pea-jacket and German student's cap and making Tom Quad resound with the notes of a gigantic wooden horn, he lived surrounded by livestock; there were marmots, snakes, guinea-pigs and a chameleon. There was an eagle which walked into Cathedral during the eight o'clock service: Dean Gaisford "looked unspeakable things." There was the jackal whose blood-curdling yells froze the blood of nervous freshmen. And then there was the bear, christened Tiglath-Pileser. Tig, invariably attired in cap and gown, lived in a social whirl. He watched the boats and was invited to wine-parties. It was at a big wine following the meeting of the British Association in 1847 that Tig met Monckton Milnes who, fresh from the instruction of Harriet Martineau, decided to mesmerise him. Displeased at this discourtesy, Tig growled ferociously; but the poet's eye rolled in a fine frenzy and the bear fell in a stupor to the ground. The Dean, however, had the last word: he had already rusticated the eagle for its sacrilegious behaviour, and the jackal and Tiglath-Pileser were each in turn sent down.

"My object in life is to be a great high priest of nature and a great benefactor of mankind," Frank wrote in his diary at the age of twenty. He therefore became a doctor and was for a time assistant surgeon to the Life Guards while he pursued his studies in natural history. He appears to have been popular in the mess, though he once incurred the colonel's displeasure; on church parade, all ranks were overcome by gales of laughter on seeing Buckland stroll by on the far side of the parade ground deep in converse with a dwarf and a seven-feet-five French giant, whom he had rescued from a fair and had been entertaining to breakfast. He later became Inspector of Salmon Fisheries and, now married, set up house in Regent's Park. Nothing could be more cordial than the welcome the Bucklands gave to their guests; but unless they had cast all sensitiveness to the winds their nerves were likely to be unstrung. There was only one room, the dining-room, that was in principle reserved for *homo sapiens*, and even this would be turned into a sanatorium for sick animals. Hyænas, jackasses, monkeys, and guinea-pigs romped through the house. "Sing up, old boy," one's host would say to a piebald rat as one entered the dining-room and sure enough "melodious notes could be heard issuing from its diaphragm." Passing in front of a tank, pickled snakes would be produced dripping for one's approbation. The babel was deafening. As one sat engaged in polite conversation over tea, the hairy arm of the monkey, Nigger, might seize one's muffin while the guinea-pigs nibbled ones' toes under the table. "You felt," said the Rev. W. Tuckwell dazed by the profusion of animal life, "as if another Flood were toward and the animals parading for admission to the Ark." The fellow guests were equally unpredictable. Chinamen, Zulus and Esquimaux came to dinner and on one occasion Tomati-Wharakinaki and other Maori chieftains were invited. Unfortunately Frank Buckland produced from his voluminous trouser pockets a mass of moss which harboured slow-worms. The scales of a hastily acquired civilisation fell from the natives who fled gibbering out into the street and dived through the open window of a neighbouring house where an old lady swooned away on finding herself surrounded by the tattooed faces of frothing savages. Delicate problems of etiquette presented themselves: should the bearded lady go down to dinner on the arm of Mr. or Mrs. Buckland? And which arm did one take of the four presented by the Siamese twins? After dinner one could be certain that Frank Buckland would keep the party going. Once when he was studying the effects of chloroform on his animals, he was surprised to see Hag, his favourite monkey, chattering with glee, having discovered her ancient enemy, the eagle, hopelessly intoxicated, and clouting it merrily again and again. And when the time came to take one's leave, there was no difficulty in obtaining a cab, since the parrot was on duty at the front door to call a hansom. But if it was one's fate to stay the night the terrors of the small hours were scarcely endurable. A cold nose and prickles might invade one's bed: it was merely the hedgehog which was let loose at night to keep down the black-beetles but in fact preferred to drink the soup in the tureen. Or one might wake in the morning to find that the jaguar had eaten one's boots. Whether the servants came and left in droves is not recorded. One supposes that only cooks of an iron constitution could remain at their post. Buckland's brother-in-law tells us that hearts sank at the house whenever vans arrived at the front-door and the servants would stagger up the steps bearing a cask containing a grinning gorilla or the odorous head of an imperfectly preserved hippopotamus, "its lips curled into a ghastly smile."

Frank Buckland, however, preserved a balanced view towards his animals. He never tormented them and at the jubilee of the R.S.P.C.A. "made a speech about cruelty to seals. Much applauded. *Deo gratia.*" For twelve years Hag was his constant companion. He learnt monkey talk, and wrote sadly on her death: "The poor thing's health failed again and in spite of port wine and the best of nourishing food, she got weaker and weaker." Hag and other favourites were immortalised by the taxidermist and graced a sort of Poet's Corner in the dining-room: the rest were buried in the garden until his wife informed him that not even another rat could find a decent resting-place. He saved a swarm of elvers from massacre in Gloucestershire and made interesting researches into the spawning habits of salmon. Nevertheless there was no false sentimentality, and a rare pet, whatever its genus, might on its death be served for dinner without compunction. For it was in gastronomy that Frank Buckland's gift for experiment found its fullest scope. He came by it honestly. Dr. Buckland's gustatory senses had been highly developed. Pausing before a dark stain on the flag-stones of an Italian cathedral where the martyr's blood miraculously renewed itself, the professor had dropped to his knees and licked it appreciatively. "I can tell you what it is: it is bat's urine," he opined. Augustus Hare tells us how on being shown the heart of a French king in a casket at Nuneham Dr. Buckland said "'I have never eaten the heart of a king before,' and before anyone could hinder him he had gobbled it up and the precious relic was lost for ever. Dr. Buckland used to say that he had eaten his way through the whole animal creation and that the worst thing was a mole—'perfectly horrible.' Afterwards he told

Lady Lyndhurst that there was one thing worse than a mole and that was a blue-bottle fly." He had indeed eaten strange things: mice in batter and bison steaks were served at his table. A saddened guest wrote in his diary: "Dined at the Deanery. Tripe for dinner last night, don't like crocodile for breakfast."

Frank Buckland continued the great gastronomical tradition. Kangeroo ham, rhinoceros pie, panther chops, horse's tongue and elephant's trunk were carved for his guests, who discovered that the best technique was to bolt a mouthful of meat and chase it with a beaker of champagne. If the newspapers reported that a whale had been washed up on the coast, Buckland would be in a train the next day to secure a steak or two. Not all his dishes were a success: Chinese sea-slugs tasted like calf's head and glue. Collectors of Victoriana will recall that this gusto for new gastronomic sensation endured for many years. E. G. Hardy when at Cambridge gave a rat dinner shortly after the seige of Paris at which rat soup, rat fricassee, etc., were served; and on another occasion served a donkey which "was delicious . . . like Tyrolese venison." Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had a penchant for baked guinea-pig, on the other hand, averred: "I tried eating donkey too, but I had to stop that for it made me stink." The difference of opinion may perhaps be explained by the fact that Hardy's was an *Egyptian* donkey. . . .

Both Dr. Buckland and his son were undisturbed in their faith by the conflict between theology and science and were gathered to their fathers after happy and useful lives with all the consolations of religion. "God is so good, so very good to the little fishes, I do not believe he would let their inspector suffer shipwreck at the last," said Frank Buckland on his death-bed. Their last days were curiously appropriate to their separate callings. The earth, which had rendered up so many of its secrets to the professor of geology, seemed reluctant to receive him at the end, and considerable quantities of blasting powder had to be used to open up a grave in the limestone deposits of his choice. At his head stood a slab of polished Aberdeen granite, one of the oldest of British rocks. His son, the natural historian, as he lay dying, dictated the preface to his *Natural History of British Fishes*. Then he lay back and, with his thirst for discovery still unassuaged, added: "I am going a long journey where I shall see a great many curious animals. This journey I must go alone."

NOEL ANNAN

NEW NOVELS

Night and the City. By GERALD KERSH. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.
Guiding Star. By VERCORS. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.
Circular Tour. By RONALD FRASER. *Cape.* 8s. 6d.
Jealousy and Medicine. By MICHAL CHOROMANSKI. *Willow Press.* 12s. 6d.

The road to recovery is becoming crowded. Not only are solo novels bigger, better and more numerous, but out of the garages lumber omnibuses and three-deckers. Two further instalments of M. Duhamel's Pasquier Chronicles have been translated and put out in one volume. Miss Phoebe Fenwick Gaye, Mr. Halcott Glover and Mr. B. Montagu Scott have added second tiers to vehicles previously admired. In the depot itself, one observes Mr. Arthur Barker back at his bench. Mr. J. D. Beresford drives out with a powerful pre-war model. It begins to look like a Bank Holiday. I turn into the side streets.

Correct handling of publishers is not the least of a successful author's gifts. It is not so long since Mr. Kersh got out the first of three volumes of war-time jottings. Now he pioneers in reprinting a novel of 1938. This is an example to be followed. Too many immediately pre-war books have been failing to bring in royalties because of the paper shortage. Too many flimsy reputations have grown up in the absence of competition. Of the intrinsic merits of Mr. Kersh's book I am less certain, but it has already gained a period interest.

With the doubtful exception of some Dickens characters the criminal in English literature from Defoe to Graham Greene was a purely cerebral figure, and indeed his human condition had scarcely been recognised since Elizabethan times. When criminal fiction became acutely popular after 1918, the criminal remained fantastic. Even when the police world was known with some intimacy, as it was by Edgar Wallace, the killers and just men remained without family background and tended to foreign birth, while in less fastidious authors they continued the tradition of Wilkie Collins and appeared mysteriously from China, India or worse, in pursuit of family heirlooms. The Irish troubles provided a welcome run of not-too-exotic gunmen, but it did not last. Authors were consumed with envy for their American colleagues, who lived surrounded by sawn-off shotguns. James Hadley Chase wrote as though he *were* American. And then somebody—who?—triumphantly located the spiv in our midst. Proudly we discovered that we, too, had a criminal class, not so large or so violent as flourished in Chicago, but handy with a razor or a broken bottle, financially ingenious, erotically vicious, above all susceptible to psycho-analysis and with plenty of family background. Those were the days of Mark Benney, Walter Greenwood and Mr. Kersh, of ponces, con-men, white-slavers, wide boys and race-course gangs. Graham Greene cut out these puny little figures from the newspapers, gave them a sense of sin and pasted them all over his big, tragic canvas.

Night and the City is a wild and excessive book. All this detail was freshly observed no doubt, but how Mr. Kersh piles it on. There are plots and moral reflections here for half a dozen books, one each, say, on night-clubs, blackmail, ponces with virtuous costermonger brothers, the police clean-up of prostitutes for the Coronation, all-in wrestling and the white-slave traffic. Mr. Kersh does not write so untidily now or with such hopeless confusions of motive. On the other hand, I find his later work less engaging, because too practised, too calculated in its effect. Even in this book, however, there is a fearful moral correctness and an occasionally sickening devotion to muscle. I find something unpleasantly narcissistic in the portrait of the sculptor Adam, and the spectacle of him and the strong, white Helen stripping for a tumble like a pair of discus-throwers caused me as much dismay as merriment. Or, as Mr. Kersh's characters say, "Laugh? You would of died."

Vercors also piles it on, though he is sentimental on firmer moral ground. By the length of Vercors' stories, you would judge him to be an exceptionally economical writer. How diffuse he in fact is, I only discovered myself when I had occasion to translate something of his last year. *Guiding Star*, Mr. Eric Sutton's version of *La Marche à l'Etoile*, tells the story of a naturalised Frenchman in love with France who was shot as a hostage by the French police. However, the important thing seems not to be the story or its protagonist but Vercor's own feeling of shame that such a thing could happen. There is a certain immodesty in this. I think Vercors luxuriates. Really, his feelings do him great credit, but one takes the point.

The ingredients of Mr. Fraser's new book are diplomacy, love, good conversation, mountain scenery, theosophy and of course South America. The main characters are a senior Board of Trade official and his secretary, a young man of working-class origin with a good war record (he seems to have been at one and the same time in the com-

Just ready

Jan Smuts

A Biography

F. S. CRAFFORD

● This biography gives us a complete life in its intellectual and political setting, and enables us to understand the complexities of this great figure. There are apparent contradictions that baffle us, but there is no doubt of the greatness and influence of Smuts in a period embracing two world wars.

Illustrated 21s. net

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

Hans Feibusch's

interpretations of the

REVELATION OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

"Handsomely bound and printed in a large format, it is certainly among the most remarkable art publications that have appeared in these difficult times."—TIMES EDUC. SUP.

The text is the King James version illustrated by 13 remarkable lithographs.

16s.

COLLINS

Just published

PETER BOWMAN

a novel

Beach Red

MOONLIGHT AT THE GLOBE

a study in Shakespeare production by

Ronald Watkins

Foreword by R. W. MOORE *(Head Master of Harrow)*

MICHAEL JOSEPH

THE POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON

Translated by H. B. McCASKIE

A complete and new translation of Villon's poems together with the French text, illustrated with 12 full-page coloured lithographs by *EDWARD ARDIZZONE.*

21/- *net*

BEAT DRUM BEAT HEART

By SHEILA WINGFIELD

A new volume of poetry by Sheila Wingfield—a single long poem.

7/6 *net*

THE DOUBLE IMAGE

By DENISE LEVERTOFF

The first collection of poems of a young and gifted writer who has, we believe, a contribution to make to the poetry of her generation. 5/- *net*

CRESSET PRESS

mandoes, in gliders and in a tank regiment). The official provides both conversation and spiritual insight. Apparently as the result of a series of flirtations with the choicest flowers of South American society, the eyes of Bill Bate's spirit also open, though he does not attain so high a stage of development as his employer who, with a little trouble, is able to peer into earlier lives. Like most recorded earlier lives, the one offered by way of illustration takes place at king-priest level and in remote antiquity. The senior official's conversation is, I suppose, good, but there is a great deal of it, and it spills over into both the third-person narrative and the quoted speech of other characters. Its tone is arch. It displays all the airs and graces of a fashionable don showing off before impressionable students, among whom are young ladies. Otherwise, the characters are as vague as the figures in theosophical water-colours until the last chapters, when a Peruvian officer and a gin-drinking, uprooted Englishwoman come much to life.

Mr. Fraser is a precious writer in a popular vein. I find that I yield him a reluctant admiration. Certainly he is unique, and one is grateful for all special flavours, even if they are as faint and of a limited culinary application as, say, the flavour of sweet almonds.

Mr. Choromanski and his publisher are both new to me. A Polish prize novel of 1932, *Jealousy and Medicine* is an overwrought, dramatic story about precisely what the title indicates. Presented with great force and agility, I am not surprised that it went well in adaptations for the theatre. This is a type of highly professional novel which has largely disappeared. However, it would need space to argue that point.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

HITLER AT WORK

The Nuremberg Documents: Some Aspects of German War Policy, 1939-45. By PETER DE MENDELSSOHN. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Readers of this journal have already been indebted to Mr. de Mendelssohn for his valuable studies of some of the documents produced as evidence by the prosecution at Nuremberg. The debt is greatly increased by his present book in which he has the space to give us a much fuller analysis of the more important documents. The task was a difficult one, needing knowledge, patience, and scholarship. Mr. de Mendelssohn has accomplished it admirably, and has succeeded in making a book which might have been valuable to the expert, but tedious to the reader, eminently readable. The documents studied by him consist mainly of the records of conferences between Hitler and his Service Chiefs or foreign statesmen, the diaries of generals and admirals like Jodl and Raeder, and the plans or directives prepared by or for Hitler for his major strategical campaigns. These plans or directives were, as every one now knows, given various code names, e.g., the plan for a war on two fronts with the focal point in the west was Concentration "Red," the invasion of Austria was Special Case "Otto," and the plan for the invasion of Britain was Operation "Sea-Lion." In the first 150 pages of his book Mr. de Mendelssohn shows in considerable detail Hitler at work preparing his war. In the last half he deals chapter by chapter with the various Cases or Operations separately. It was probably best to treat his material in this way, though it entailed a certain amount of repetition.

Contemporaries have never before been able to look so effectually behind the scenes of a great historical event. In the Nuremberg documents we can watch a "great man" at work, this horrible, degraded, little paranoiac, plotting and planning war with the help of his fawning generals, admirals, and air-marshals. The spectacle is disgusting and degrading. To realise what kind of creature this was to which 20th century Europe—and not only the Germans, but British, French and Russian statesmen—was content to give absolute power to massacre, torture and destroy, makes one despair of the human race and of civilisation. There is one interesting lesson to be learnt from these documents. Professional historians often solemnly warn us that contemporaries never know what really happens, that it is only long after the events when the archives and all the other paraphernalia of history are opened, when we can read in Lord A's letters or Lady C's diary exactly what the Prime Minister said to the Under-Secretary, and when the learned historians can get to work upon the "original material" and put us all right, that the truth comes out. For the most part this is an "expert's" myth or self-delusion. There are no doubt a few historical mysteries of historical importance, but, in general, great events explain themselves and contemporaries have all the evidence necessary for establishing the truth about how and why things happened as they did. This is true of the events between 1933 and 1945 in Europe. It is significant that, although these documents give us an extraordinary picture of the details of Hitler's actions behind the screen, they add very little to our knowledge of him or of the really important facts and events. This is simply because we knew all this already.

This, of course, does not mean that the documents do not throw considerable and valuable light upon details. And in this respect the documents themselves are often not satisfactory. Only the documents used by the prosecution were available to Mr. de Mendelssohn and very often the prosecution did not put in the complete document. The consequence is that we are often left with only half the story. Occasionally, one has a feeling that perhaps the other half of the story has been deliberately omitted. At any rate, it is desirable, if only in the interests of "history," that the documents which were available to the prosecution at Nuremberg should be published in full by the Governments.

LEONARD WOOLF

POMP AND PLATITUDE

Programme for Survival. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Secker and Warburg.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mumford is a deceptive writer. While you are reading him, his books seem to be both significant and important and if, as I have, you have formed the habit of making on the blank pages so thoughtfully provided by beneficent publishers at the end of books a private index of points that have struck you, the pages, you find, are all too quickly filled.

No doubt you have been unable to avoid noticing little tricks of manner; 'a bit portentous,' you say to yourself, as you read that "a part of mankind is now in a psychotic state," or find yourself assured in italics that "there is no part of our modern world that we must not be ready to scrap, if the need to scrap it is the price of mankind's safety and continued development"; 'a little fluffy' you comment, as you read that "the unification of knowledge and life will put an end to the current pursuit of power, divorced from the ends of life"; you may even feel inclined to accuse the author of exaggeration, of writing a little too often and too much at the top of his voice, as you find a section headed "The Crisis of the Crisis," or after twenty odd pages devoted to scolding modern man for excessive *hubris* come upon the dark warning, "we should have become" (after the next atomic war) "as dangerous to our kind as cannibal rats. . . ." (All this, by the way, because we dropped those atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The implication is that our pre-

MOUNTAIN PROSPECT
R. Scott Russell
This is the record of a remarkable mountaineering career, in New Zealand, Europe, the Arctic and Tibet, describing both individual climbs and the scientific work the author undertook on the Jan Mayen and Himalayan expeditions. The book is illustrated with forty-seven plates of superb photographs.
TO BE PUBLISHED BEFORE CHRISTMAS AT 18S. NET
CHATTO & WINDUS

CALENDARS 1947
ALPINE CALENDAR
Edited by R. L. G. IRVING
MOUNTAIN BRITAIN
Edited by GERALD LACEY
TREES AND FLOWERS
Edited by FRANK SMYTHE
9½×7½. 26 *plates*, 4 *in colour*. *Each* 3*s. net. Purchase Tax* 2*s.*
THE MATTERHORN
By GUIDO REY
Edited by R. L. G. IRVING
Cap 4to. 288 *pages.* 36 *pages of plates.* 15*s. net.*
This classic book, which covers every aspect of the mountain and is illustrated with modern photographs, has been thoroughly revised and contains two additional chapters to cover the 20th century history of the peak.
Obtainable of all Booksellers
Basil Blackwell

THE BRITISH NAVIES IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR
Admiral Sir W. M. James
In this book the author describes, with knowledge, skill and with as much authority as is at present possible, the far-flung operations of a maritime war in which great issues were decided by British Fleets in every sea.
Ready Dec. 9 21/- *net*
BRETTON WOODS FOR BETTER OR WORSE
R. G. Hawtrey
Mr. Hawtrey discusses the International Monetary Fund and points out the essential conditions necessary for the successful working of the plan.
Ready Dec. 16 7/6 *net*
THE CHURCH AND HUMANITY
G. K. A. Bell
A collection of articles and speeches, by the Bishop of Chichester, on subjects relating to Christian Fellowship and with the questions of humanity and peace. A definite contribution to post-war recovery.
Ready Dec. 9 8/6 *net*
LONGMANS
LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD

READY DECEMBER 10
Keith Feiling
THE LIFE OF NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN
Keith Feiling, Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, has based this authoritative biography on Mr. Chamberlain's private letters and memoranda, extending from his earliest travel diaries to the narrative of his interviews with Hitler. Extracts from the work appearing in the *Sunday Times* have already aroused great advance interest at home and abroad. 25*s.*
MACMILLAN

decessors, even if they had had the power, would not have used it; hence, the suggestion that we are not only suffering from unprecedented power but unprecedented *hubris*. But is this, I wonder, true; would not Tamerlane have dropped atomic bombs, or Jenghis Khan? Did they not, in fact, wipe out whole cities when they got the chance? Would not the commanders in the Thirty Years War have dropped them, or even, if put to it, our own Cromwell? I think it highly probable. When, after all, did man refrain from using his powers of destruction? So rarely that we never cease to cite the example of the Chinese who, having discovered gunpowder, restricted its use to crackers or that of Leonardo, referred to by Mr. Mumford, who suppressed his invention of the submarine, precisely because they are so unrepresentative.

But in spite of these occasional misgivings and qualifications the general effect of the book is, as I have said, impressive. You are reading, you feel, an important book. You put the book down and a friend asks you what it was about. To your surprise and confusion you can't remember. All that comes to mind are a few platitudes, the commonest small change of contemporary critical thinking. These, you feel sure, could not have impressed you, since all your friends have said and thought much the same things; indeed, you have said and thought them yourself. And yet you remember to have been impressed by the book. . . .

And so, I repeat, Mr. Mumford is a deceptive writer. He has great sincerity but little originality of thought. The occasional *appearance* of originality arises very largely from his skill in concealing origins. He takes the common thoughts of our time and by a trick of style and an earnest manner contrives to serve them up, as if they were new.

For what, in effect, is he saying? First, diagnosis: owing to its practical success the values of science now dominate human life. We have got rid of the old absolutes only to enthrone a new one, science, to whose triumphs the "values of human life are now accessory." We have contrived so many automatons that what is human is either being displaced by, or is beginning to resemble what is automatic. Hence, whenever we discover or invent something new, we do not pause to inquire whether the use of the discovery or the application of the invention will make us happier, better or wiser. The fact that it *is* new is regarded as sufficient justification for its use. Hence, too, unless we learn to control or, alternatively, to destroy our machines they will destroy us. This diagnosis is illustrated and brought to a point by our recent use of the atomic bomb. What this chiefly testifies is the well-known truth that, in order to win a war, you must adopt the principles you are professing to fight. As the war proceeded morals deteriorated, with the result that the moment of maximum moral disintegration coincided with the moment of maximum power. Inevitably, we used the power and asked no questions, thus demonstrating the moral irresponsibility and deterioration of modern man.

There is, however, a counterbalancing tendency, or rather there are two. First, the biological and medical sciences teach the values of human life and the practice of compassion; secondly, the atom bomb has shocked people out of their smug acceptance of increase of power as an unqualified good and brought them up sharp against the possibility of destruction.

And so we come to cure, the programme for survival, which, alas, is as trite as the diagnosis. The cure, we are told, lies not in statesmen or politics or mass action or more knowledge; it lies in the individual. "When society is in danger it is the individual who must be saved." The individual must be born again in the sense that a psychology dominated by competition and aggression must be replaced by a psychology animated by love, so that "power becomes the willing servant of love." The scientist must change the direction of scientific research and refrain from giving us more powers until we have the wisdom to use them aright. More particularly, the physical sciences must ally themselves with psychology and biology. Religion must be revived and its insight mobilised. Morality must be tightened up and men must re-learn the power of renunciation and the habit of restraint. And so on, and so on.

'Yes,' and again, 'Yes' and 'Of course,' we cry. 'But how?' We have all thought and said these things ourselves; but, let us be frank about it, we haven't the faintest idea how to bring them about. Nor, let us also be frank about it, has Mr. Mumford. C. E. M. JOAD

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

to any address in the world

Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.

By Air to any country in Europe, £2 7s. 6d. yearly; to Canada and U.S.A.: Yearly, £3 15s. ($15); Six months, £2 ($8).

Residents in North America may remit to British Publications Inc., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.

To other countries by special quotation.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

PAUL IN A NEW LIGHT

The Jew of Tarsus. By HUGH J. SCHONFIELD. *Macdonald.* 10s. 6d.

That Paul was a Jew, and remained a Jew to the end of his life, has always been recognised by intelligent and disinterested Biblical students; and without keeping this fact in mind we shall be in constant danger of misunderstanding him. He argues Rabbinically, he quotes Rabbinically, and he uses prophecy in Rabbinical fashion. To him so plain a story as that of Sarah and Hagar is an "allegory." We are all then compelled to admit that, Roman and Christian as he was, he was a Jew first and foremost. But the question remains, "What sort of Jew was he?" For in his time Judaism embraced many sects and forms, from the "zealots" who aimed at the total destruction of the Roman Empire to those who were willing to live peaceably under Caesar, and wait quietly for a future, in this world or the next, when Messiah should restore freedom, or dominion, to Israel.

It is hard indeed for a Gentile to understand all this in its many ramifications; and we are therefore grateful when a learned and liberal-minded Jew like Mr. Schonfield undertakes the task of explanation. The present work, which is the second part of a trilogy dealing with the first century, is, despite a certain heaviness of style and occasional syntactical lapses (due possibly to the fact that Mr. Schonfield thinks in Hebrew or Aramaic) intensely interesting; for it gives an entirely new view of the character and career of the great Envoy to the Gentiles. Like the writings of Paul himself, it contains "things hard to understand"; but those who have a modicum of preliminary knowledge will, if they spend the necessary effort, find illumination in almost every page. Few indeed are those who can follow Mr. Schonfield through his immense list of authorities, his Pesachim, his Chagigah, his Bereshith, and a score of others, among which references to Josephus and Tacitus come every now and then to refresh the lover of light reading; but there gradually emerges a picture of Paul

Horizon

Always the ideal gift—a subscription to our leading monthly

12 months—32/- or $7.50;
6 months—16/- or $4.00.

Post free anywhere.

2, Lansdowne Terrace, W.C.1

FROM November 18 till Christmas Eve a special show of original paintings and prints of all kinds at modest prices. Hours 10 - 5.30 Monday to Friday.

PHOENIX GALLERY

WILLIAM IV ST. CHARING CROSS

BRITISH BOOK ILLUSTRATION
1935-1945
★
AN EXHIBITION

of fifty fine examples of modern British books illustrated with line-drawings, wood engravings, linocuts, lithographs and aquatints, together with many of the artists' original drawings, paintings and engravings. Open daily, except Sundays, from 10 to 6, until December 21. Admission 2/6.

NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE
7 ALBEMARLE STREET
LONDON, W.1

★ Admission free to members of the National Book League (annual subscription 10/6). Full particulars of membership post free.

For Your Children

SPANISH FAIRY STORIES
by GAMEL WOOLSEY
Enlarged edition. 7s. 6d.

DJIBI
by FELIX SALTEN
A new Salten: A Cat Book. 6s.

PAUL
by ION GRUNDY
An Elizabethan story. 6s.

LITTLE REUBEN AND THE MERMAIDS
RICHARD STRACHEY'S CLASSIC
7s. 6d.

TROUBLE AT TOWNSEND
by MALCOLM SAVILLE
6s.

ANIMAL FAMILIES
by ARNRID JOHNSTON
10s. 6d.

Noel Carrington
TRANSATLANTIC ARTS LTD
29 Percy Street, London, W.1

which, whether we accept it unconditionally or not, ought most certainly to be carefully considered: an enthusiastic boy at Tarsus, then greedily imbibing all that Gamaliel can teach, a real man and not a shadowy saint, a good friend and a stern foe, one who could not brook contradiction or interference, who took offence and gave offence continually, and yet who knew, as few have known, the meaning and power of affection. Without a certain measure of obstinacy and even ruthlessness, he could never have done the work he did, a work perhaps the most important ever achieved in the history of the world. For enabling us to see Paul thus, free from the deceiving haze of hagiology, we can hardly be too grateful to Mr. Schonfield. And the following, we think, is a fair summary of his view.

In converting the Gentiles—the Galatians, the Ephesians, the Colossians—Paul was enlarging the boundaries of the *spiritual* Israel. He felt no antagonism to Rome as such, and freely acknowledged the mundane kingdom of the Caesars. Those who in hatred cried that he was turning the world upside down were precisely those who meant to do so themselves; for they obscurely fancied that he was really making the Empire stronger; and when they became too dangerous he boldly appealed to Caesar; as far as we know proving his case.

And now, with some reluctance, we must venture on a few criticisms. Dangerous as it is for mere amateurs to disagree with such a master, yet at times we find ourselves compelled to abide by our own pre-formed opinions. Half a dozen examples, some important, some trivial, may be taken as specimens of a larger stock. He may be right to join with Luther in cutting the Apocalypse out of the canon, but we hold him wrong in retaining the Epistle to the Ephesians. Nor do we think that Paul was ever slandered as Simon Magus, that great man whom modern scholarship has rehabilitated. Whether Paul ever made the speech on Mars' Hill ascribed to him by the author of *Acts* is perhaps dubious, for ancient historians had the habit of themselves composing speeches for their heroes; but, spurious or genuine, it does not seem to us as it does to Mr. Schonfield the speech of a tired man. It bears all the marks of mature vigour. And we are surprised that Mr. Schonfield, in translating the famous phrase, "one born out of due time," by the word "abortion," should neglect the fact that the original is Ectroma, which we know from Gnostic writings to represent Tohu-va-Bohu, formlessness and emptiness. Paul is here using a strong metaphor to represent his position as the last and lowest of the Apostles.

And, as perhaps our chief objection, we dissent from Mr. Schonfield's view (unsupported by evidence) that Paul, before his conversion, regarded himself as Messiah. Finally, to conclude with something trifling, we think it better to ascribe the aphorism "Man is the measure of all things" to Protagoras than to call it Aristotelian.

But, following Mr. Schonfield or differing from him, we feel that he is everywhere novel and suggestive, and it is necessary for all who aim at understanding the New Testament to read his book, which is indeed a noble work, worthy even of its lofty theme.

E. E. KELLETT

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

The Little Train. Story and pictures by DOROTHY CRAIGIE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Smoky. By NANCY RAYMOND. *W. H. Allen.* 6s.

Grabby Pup. By NANCY RAYMOND. *W. H. Allen.* 6s.

The White Deer. By JAMES THURBER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6s.

The Gertrude Stein First Reader. *Maurice Fridberg.* 7s. 6d.

When We're at School. By OURSELVES. *H. S. and F. Witherby.* 8s. 6d.

The Magic Bottle. By CYRIL HARE. *Faber and Faber.* 6s.

The Mermaid of Zennor. By EILEEN MALONEY *Edmund Ward.* 8s. 6d.

Albert the Ant. By RICHARD OGLE. *George Harrap and Co.* 5s.

Champlain. By LOUISE HALL THARP. *George Harrap and Co.* 6s.

Junior 3. *Children's Digest Publications Ltd.* 3s. 6d.

Forest Holiday. By DAVID SEVERN. *John Lane.* 7s. 6d.

Wind and Weather Permitting. By PRUDENCE HILL. *J. M. Dent.* 7s. 6d.

They Raced for Treasure. By IAN SERRAILLER. *Jonathan Cape.* 8s. 6d.

Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor. By MERVYN PEAKE. *Eyre and Spottiswoode* 8s. 6d.

The successful text for an under-six always follows the same pattern. It is a simple-minded repetition of a familiar circumstance, accompanied by an onomatopoeic or otherwise entertaining chorus: "So Tommy got into the train and the Guard blew his whistle—oooooh—and the train went chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff-chuff until it stopped at a station and Tommy said 'Do we get out here?' and his mother said, 'No,' and the Guard blew his whistle—oooooh—and the train went chugger-chugger-chugger-chugger—and so on." The pleasure that the teller gets is in the variety of the noises required and the ingenuity with which he or she is able to introduce a much-needed moral dig-in-the-ribs (not always easy or well-received). So that really stories for under-six are better invented in the home; we can then cater for our own talent and our children's taste, and keep up a sense of style with the Three Bears or Cinderella. Written down in cold blood they are shamingly lacking in invention—but more and more of them seem to get not only written down but printed. The point, of course, of buying such books is for their illustrations. What babies like in an illustration is detail and gaiety, or a recognisably cuddly object with sentimental attraction. They don't like really bad illustrations, what they do like is often bad enough, but they never dislike anything that is first-class within these limits. So why give them a coy little version of the Red Engine motif, *The Little Train* by Dorothy Craigie, with its poster-like but unobservant drawings? If you do, I'm afraid they will like it. *Smoky* and *Grabby*, two books by Nancy Raymond, are an object-lesson of badness. They are ugly, dull, badly produced and very expensive, and what is more, my copy of *Grabby* was wrongly bound-up. Too many of such books are produced yearly.

I began to feel like the Princess on the pea—fastidiously uncomfortable and not too attractive, but James Thurber's fairy tale, *The White Deer*, restored me to shouting good-humour. It is pure nonsense, founded on a proper fairy-tale base; a king, three sons, an enchanted princess, tasks, wizards and cats. The jokes are Thurber-like but with no sly reference to his grown-up jokes, no winning-over of the adults with a sophisticated aside. As all nonsense should, it slips over here and there into prose of great beauty. The drawings are wonderfully dotty and wonderfully explanatory. Every child who is not a bore will like this book some time or another, but when will depend entirely on the child—ten and seventeen I should think the most likely ages,

PAUL ELEK
BOOKS FOR XMAS

EXPLORING NATURE WITH A CAMERA
By E. G. Neal. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 10/6
Mr. Neal covers most of the aspects of nature photography that are possible without specialised equipment.

VUILLARD—HIS LIFE & WORK
By Claude Roger Marx. Translated from the French by Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Royal 8vo. 25/-.
This book is the first authoritative biography and critical estimate of the work of one of the leading artists of our century.

ON TRUST FOR THE NATION
By Clough Williams-Ellis. Illustrated in colour and monochrome by Barbara Jones, and by over a hundred photographs. Crown 4to. 25/-.
Mr. Williams-Ellis takes us, in his vivid, imaginative style, through the length and breadth of England and Wales, and shows us what the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty holds and preserves for us.

THE ART OF THE FRENCH BOOK
From early manuscripts to the present time. *Introduction by Philip James, Director, A.C. of G.B.*
Royal 4to. Approx. 50/-.
Traces the history of French book production from 9th-century manuscripts to books illustrated by Picasso, Matisse and Braque.

38, HATTON GARDEN, E.C.1

First Titles
Porcupine Press Ltd

WILLIAM GODWIN
by GEORGE WOODCOCK
Foreword by HERBERT READ
The long neglect of a remarkable man (author of *Political Justice* and father-in-law of Shelley) is ended by this biographical study, which gives an ample critical appreciation of his writings, discusses his relations with his more illustrious friends, with an assessment of the influence exerted by his principles today. *4 plates* 12s. 6d.

McSORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON
by JOSEPH MITCHELL
One of the star writers of *The New Yorker* is published here for the first time. These 20 stories of low life in New York City introduce a humorist and a humanist of a high order. 8s 6d

WITHIN THE THUNDER
POEMS by HUGO DEWAR
"The authentic voice of the swaddy . . . quick, direct, unembroidered and urgent." *Our Time.* 3s 6d

10 Bayley St Bedford Sq WC1

New volumes in the
Thinker's Library

THE DISTRESSED MIND
by J. A. C. Brown, M.B., Ch.B.
Following a lucid account of the frustrations and conflicts which arise in family and social life, the author explains how the consequent strain on mental health may be relieved.
Now ready 2s. 6d. *net*

MAN: THE VERDICT OF SCIENCE
SCIENCE AND SUPERSTITION
by G. N. Ridley, B.Sc.
A comprehensive study of man, embracing the several aspects of his being—anatomical and physiological characteristics of his body, mental activities, and social habits.
Ready December 12 2s. 6d. *net*

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.
5 & 6 Johnson's Ct., Fleet St., E.C.4

Sampson Low

PROFILES
From Notable Modern Biographies.
Introduced by
Leonard Gribble
Just as a volume of biography may be considered as a full-length portrait of the subject, so these happily contrasted selections, each complete in itself, may be equally considered as profiles.
8s. 6d. *net*

EATING AND DRINKING
A Miscellany
Madge Hart
The compiler has made many delicious discoveries in this anthology culled from the English poets, essayists and novelists. Woodcut decorations by *Rosemary Brown.* 15s. *net*

but get it anyway. Mr. Thurber's light-hearted liberties with words are very different from Miss Gertrude Stein's ponderous playfulness. Well, if you like Miss Stein you will like this *First Reader*, though only very specially-brought-up children will. Sir Francis Rose's pen-and-ink illustrations are enchanting; they have all the sombre delicacy that the writing fails to achieve, and prove that he has a talent that is too often swamped in his more ambitious work.

One more sophisticated product, *Captain Slaughterboard Drops Anchor*, by Mervyn Peake. The text to this work is poverty-stricken. Children will pass it for the sake of the drawings, but it is like one of those round-games of story-telling where no-one is really quite up to it; it lacks invention of plot and the turns of phrase are lame. The drawings are just the reverse; there is so much invention in them that Mr. Peake seems to strain after it. Only seems to, since he is obviously immensely fertile. Nevertheless it would have been better kept under. It is as though "Twas brillig and the slithy toves" were drawn in the meter of "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love"—much the same but twice as long. The variety obtained by means of broad areas and simple colours seems to me most excellent; the book is a lesson in imaginative production.

When We're at School by Ourselves, doesn't seem to belong anywhere. I rather doubt whether other schoolboys would enjoy this description of the intelligent organisation of their own spare time by a competent set of modern children. And if *I* am to read a schoolboy product, I should prefer it to be written in the style of Sir Thomas Browne, it would be much more fun and much less successful and show signs of producing far fewer ready-made Civil Servants. I should like to quote one fallacy: "Most grown-ups seem to ask the same question: they always want to know did we ever copy pictures? Of course we don't because if you copy things, you don't ever learn to do things for yourself." Ask any reputable artist today what his opinion of that is. I don't blame the boys.

The rest of the books divide themselves up neatly: the nonsense-cum-fairy-tale, the sugared pill, and the good story. Of the first I recommend *The Magic Bottle* by Cyril Hare, a nice joke for ten-year-olds, about two children who surprise an up-to-date djinn in a bottle, learn from him how to recognise other djinns (not in bottles) and use their knowledge to the family advantage. *The Mermaid of Zennor* by Eileen Maloney provides some little-known Cornish folk-tales but an attempt to avoid whimsy has resulted in a coy breeziness. Amongst the sugared pills, *Albert the Ant* is quite an entertaining description of all possible kinds of ants and a good many other insects encountered by Albert on his travels. I don't know much about ants and I rather enjoyed it. I should think eight to twelve-year-olds would like it too. *Champlain* the Story of the Father of Canada, by Louise Hall Tharp, I found enthralling. It began badly with one of those stilted got-up conversations between two boys of olden days (this would certainly have put me off as a child) but quickly got going into a really well-constructed narrative from complex and authentic sources, giving one a clear idea of what was going on in France as well as amongst the fur-traders. Champlain must have been an heroic man, cartographer, architect, statesman, inventor and explorer, and with all this, humane and intelligent in his dealings with the Red Indians: extracts from his own writings made me want to see more. I wish the drawings had not been adapted from Champlain's own but had been reproduced without alteration. *Junior* 3 is quite all right, not too smarty and enough like our old friend the Children's Newspaper to be enjoyed by all inquiring teen-ages.

There are several goodish good stories: *Forest Holiday* by David Severn, is romantic, and a little sentimental, involving gypsies, a lame child, a kindly professor and some enterprising pairs of children. *Wind and Weather Permitting* by Prudence Hill is attractive, the quite possible adventures of three children left on their own in a seaside house, real adventures in which the children don't always come out too hopelessly well. Their conversation is agreeable and their local friends are convincing. The writer has a poetical observation and doesn't make too much fuss about it. Ian Serrailler's *They Raced for Treasure* went down well in the family, a good story about sailing, treasure-hunting, treachery and so on. It is not too prosy for eight-years-old upwards, but I found it an extremely good example of the modern tendency in writing for children, the tendency to be afraid of being boring and so to lose all sense of style: a little prosy and informative here, and a little slangy there—sometimes even to vulgarity, a little patronising about grown-ups, and a little over-keen to get on with the kids. It makes one wish to be stuffy with Marryat.

MYFANWY PIPER

FIVE TO FOURTEEN

Starlight. By H. MORTIMER BATTEN. *Puffin.* 1s.
Stormalong. By ALAN VILLIERS. *Puffin.* 1s.
No Other White Men. By JULIA DAVIS. *Puffin.* 1s.
Wonder Tales of Hawaii. By POST WHEELER. *Collins.* 5s.
Party Frock. By NOEL STREATFIELD. Illus. by ANNA ZINKEISEN. *Collins,* 8s. 6d.
Dandy Lion. By PERCY G. GRIGGS. Illus. by EDWARD LANDER. *J. Langdon.* 4s. 6d.
The Donkey and the Dragon. By PERCY G. GRIGGS. Illus. by EDWARD SANDER. *J. Langdon.* 4s. 6d.
Little Reuben's Island. By RICHARD STRACHEY. Illus. by SIMONETTE STRACHEY. *Witherby.* 6s.
One Day on Beetle Rock. By SALLY CARRIGHAR, Illus. by EILEEN MAYO. *Pleiades Book.* 10s. 6d.
Lung Chung. By MARGARET IRONSIDE. Illus. by RONALD FERNS. *Home and Van Thal.* 10s. 6d.
Freddy and Ernest. By HILARY STEBBING. *Transatlantic Arts.* 6s.
The Tale of the Bullfrog. By HENRY B. KANE. *Collins.* 5s.
So Long Ago. By E. BOYD SMITH. *Collins.* 10s. 6d.

The reading child likes anything. Was there anything better than a cold in the head, a bad light and an ill-printed and atrociously illustrated book? It wanted only a cry of "Put that book down, you will strain your eyes," to intensify the pleasure; and I must confess that the grubby ghost of my own early reading puts an unreasonable doubt on the well-printed and prettily illustrated books of to-day. The passion for shockingly produced *Comics* with their degraded drawings and nearly invisible text seems to indicate that adult aesthetic standards satisfy adults only. Still I have weeded out the bad and the list at the head of this review is a residue. I am ill fitted to judge it, for children's books are written mainly for the healthy, extroverted child; the introverts have been more and more neglected since the 19th century. I liked *Kidnapped* because it had just that touch of introverted complexity which *Treasure Island* lacked. I also liked books of sentimental piety, preferably with a sick child in them: pure wishing—the sick child has such power and gets so much attention. I disliked *Peter Pan* because the children seemed too well off; and I read books of adventure merely to keep my end up with

Vol. 2 No. 1

The MODERN QUARTERLY

Editor: Dr. JOHN LEWIS

Contents

IRRATIONALISM IN CONTEMPORARY BOURGEOIS FOLKLORE *G. Paloczi-Horvath*
OLD AGE AND NATURAL DEATH *P. B. Medawar*
ABSOLUTISM AND ETHICS *L. J. Russell*
MARXISM AND CHRISTIANITY *Archibald Robertson*
THE SOVIET LITERARY CONTROVERSY
COMMUNICATIONS: *J. B. S. Haldane, Douglas Garman, Kingsley Martin*

Demy 8vo. 96 pp. 2s. 6d.
Annual Subscription 11s.

Distributers: CENTRAL BOOKS LIMITED, 2, Parton Street, W.C.1

Lawrence & Wishart

COLLETS

importers of Russian and East European books and journals announce two new reviews

Rumanian Review

which presents a documented survey of Rumanian literary economic and political life and serves the cause of good will among all people (monthly)

Czechoslovakia

which gives unbiased information on Czechoslovak arts, sciences, industries, and trade, and on the way the Republic seeks to achieve her ideals of social justice (quarterly)

from Collets Subscriptions, 9 Southampton Place, London, W.C.1 (Tel. Holborn 0307) 21/-, and 31/- yearly respectively

SYLVAN PRESS
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

MUSIC & FICTION

Concertgoer's Handbook
HUBERT FOSS 15s. *net*
Reduces the "theory of music" to a logical simplicity.

Within the Centre
HARDIMAN SCOTT 10s. 6d. *net*
A finely sensitive first novel.

Words and Darkness
AXEL HEYST 8s. 6d. *net*
A book dealing with the mathematics of the heart.

COUNTRY & SPORT

Pleasures Without Change
JOHN WACHER 21s. *net*
with twenty-six scraperboard drawings by James Lucas.
These "red-letter days" will undoubtedly appeal to all sportsmen.

The Promise of the Years
EDWARD GRACE 16s. *net*
with twenty-six photographs by the author.
"... enough to send the average town-dweller off to the nearest railway station."—*The Spectator.*

WANTED FOR DECEMBER 25th ... Box of King Six Cigars (1/1d. each) ... Signed SANTA CLAUS.

UNLIMITED PLEASURE IS YOURS

when you are familiar with the great works of English Literature. There is no more delightful and profitable reading, as you will quickly realise if you follow the new Course by L. A. G. Strong. The ideal guide to the best reading in the world. Free advice and Book from Prospectus Office, London School of Journalism, 57, Gordon Square, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS
New & secondhand books on every subject. Books bought.
119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON WC 2
Gerrard 5660 (16 lines) Open 9-6 (inc. Sat)

other children. It is dangerous to assume that all children enjoy stories of adventure. There is something alarming in their lack of irony and humour, those reassuring qualities which dovetail the child into the adult world. Children can be starved of irony, for they habitually see through people and enjoy their own cunning. In my recollection the best books for children have a natural irony, not the finger-wagging artifice invented by adults. There was one very sly story, *The Wallypug of Wy* (author forgotten, but well-known and admired in the early nineteen hundreds) which had the quality to perfection. I find that some of my contemporaries also regard this book as a forgotten masterpiece and think, as I do, that it ought to be revived.

My early prejudice against adventure is due to a happy illiteracy. Writers of good yarns are more apt to write journalese than the softie writers, and journalese is difficult to understand. Slowly this habit of writing badly for children is changing; perhaps the writers have at last seen the boredom on their children's faces when this mucky English has been read aloud to them. One of the good signs is the *Puffin Story Book*, a series edited by Eleanor Graham and consisting of action stories written for children between nine and fourteen. The lack of irony in Mr. Mortimer Batten's *Starlight*, a terrifying and bloody book about a wolf and the animal wars of the jungle would have put *me* off—it is early propaganda for "realism" and I am a social democrat—but the story is admirably written and has a simple poetic ferocity. I recommend it to boys with strong nerves. *Stormalong*, by Alan Villiers, evokes the legend of that old Captain of the sailing days and is about modern boys who have the luck to go to sea in a clipper. This is a more civilised book and it is the first tale of adventure at sea that I have had to contain the picture of a ship with all its sails named. Any boy who has suffered from top gallants, mizzen stay sails and spankers, will be grateful for this item alone. *No Other White Men*, by Julia Davis, is about white men and Indians at the time of the Napoleonic wars and, again, this is vivid and well-written:

> "The Ottoes agreed. They were naked in the hot August sun, except for their breech clouts. They had thrown their blankets of painted buffalo hide over the backs of their ponies. Their long black hair, well-oiled, hung on plaits on their shoulders, and the tightly braided scalp locks stuck up from their crowns. They were short men, but stocky, and well-muscled. Not humble, not conciliatory, they looked down their high-bridged noses at the whites and uttered non-committal but not unfriendly grunts. When they received their food, they returned a present of water melons, spread their buffalo robes on the ground, ate heartily at the expense of the party, and went to sleep.

The Puffins are not illustrated, but they have attractive individual covers which are the next thing to illustration; they have enormously raised the standard of boys' books.

Wonder Tales of Hawaii for the same age group, has a touch of the high archaic manner in which people say, "Aye," "Yonder," and "I am minded to see," and have names like Listen-to-the-Heavenly-Voice. This goes down big with histrionic school girls who are practising the greater emotions. The drawings belong to the "beautiful" school. How very different will the Hawaiian miss be from the reader of Noel Streatfield's knowing *Party Frock*, with Anna Zinkeisen's embroideries. This is a bustling, chatty novel about a crowded family dressing up for a party, and a squire who turned up trumps—at last we know the colonel; children are great upward levellers. We can imagine Miss Hawaii alone at her window, arranging her curls as she reads, raising a queenly chin and already voyaging to a princely youth who travels to meet her on a turtle. How she scowls when her mother calls. Compare her with Miss Party Frock, with her hair in her eyes, guzzling socially in the crowded room with the wireless on, and her tea dripping on the page, while she exclaims at the super-wheezes, the wizard brainwaves and the push of other families.

For the younger still, I note a revival, indeed a boom, in dragons. They have left the depths of vulgar drollery to which unbelief had cast them—at least I have thrown out that kind—and now reappear courteously with their native fire and gifted madness. I doubt if the dragon should be mixed too freely with human beings, but Miss Hilary Stebbing thinks otherwise in *Freddy and Ernest*, and only research can settle the point. There are two delightful, amusing little books by Percy G. Griggs, illustrated by Edward Lander: *Dandy Lion* and *The Donkey and the Dragon*. Mr. Lander is a graceful and original decorator and the eye of parents will be pleased. Even more I admired *Little Reuben's Island*, by Richard and Simonette Strachey. Mr. Strachey has a gay and untroubled insight into the working of a child's storytelling imagination. He is quite exceptional. He never talks down; indeed, he gives the impression that it is the children themselves who are talking their own story, making it up fast as they go along. Their talk is associative and purposeful as children's talk always is; and careful to preserve the sense of security when their invention becomes fantastic. Simonette Strachey's coloured illustrations are like the work of a gifted child; and she has a second manner of patient realism which is equally satisfying.

Finally, some animal books. Two for the cultivated young person who takes pleasure seriously: *One Day on Beetle Rock*, by Sally Carrighar, illustrated by Eileen Mayo, whose lovely drawings are well known; and *Lung Chung*, a story for the idolaters of the pekinese, written by Margaret Ironside, and illustrated by Ronald Ferns. For the scientific there are Henry B. Kane's remarkable aquarium photographs in *The Tale of the Bullfrog*, which is like a lively instructional film; and there is a simple American book by E. Boyd Smith, *So Long Ago*, which describes the evolution of prehistoric animals until the arrival of man. This book will be invaluable to parents who will have to swallow a certain amount of caricature and schoolboy humour, intended as jam on the pill. The colour of the drawings is not very agreeable either. But I am glad to have this book, and am willing to believe that the grotesque has its place in learning without tears.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Moontrip to Gascony. By ANNE-MARIA WALTERS. *Macmillan.*

This is a highly exciting and enjoyable book. The twenty-year-old daughter of an English father and a French mother, Miss Walters parachuted into occupied France. Her job was to be courier or message-carrier for a British officer acting with the resistance in South-Eastern France. Most modestly and soberly she described her experiences, many of which were so sensational that they might figure in a novel by Sapper. Her work kept her continually moving from place to place, and thus exposed her to frequent questioning by the Germans, who regularly submitted suspects to ingenious and unspeakable torments. (Their methodical technique included torturing children of four in the presence of their parents to make these betray their fellow-resisters.) Miss Walters is distinguished by good sense and good feeling (and, though she never says so, by good looks) as well as by high courage. She describes vividly and with humour the splendid hospitality, the discomforts, the dangers, the hopes, the fears and the disappointments she experienced. We have had in English no better account of life in the Resistance movement.

Give Books

If in doubt—give

BOOK TOKENS

They are exchangeable for any book in print

"The reception provided an example of the process of social fusion which is a feature of our times with persons of high distinction in close conversation with others having no claim to distinction except that they work hard at their own jobs."

from

THIS ENGLAND

1940—1946

The first collection since the 1940 edition from our weekly column.

Selected by MICHAEL BARSLEY

NICOLAS BENTLEY drew the pictures

Now on sale · 2s. net

2s. 3d. by Post to any address

NEW STATESMAN & NATION

10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1

Santa Claus needs many more gifts to provide a Happy Christmas for *All* the poor children, the mothers, the lonely aged and suffering folk of the Old Kent Road area. So—please—send YOUR gift. You will be giving so much joy to someone in genuine need. Cheques, etc., to

Rev. A. HUMPHREY RICHARDSON

SOUTH-EAST LONDON MISSION

St. George's Hall, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1

67/184